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& Technical High School
Newark, New Jersey

JUNE, 1941


EAST SIDE COMMERCIAL
AND MANUAL TRAINING
HIGH SCHOOL
1911



William V. Wilmot





ANNA L. ERBACHER
EPHRAIM EISENBERG
Assistants-to-the-Principal





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CHARLES L. GRUBEL
Advisers


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PILOTS



LILLA M. ALGER
Secretarial



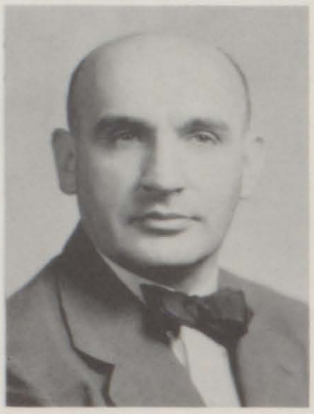
WILBUR E. BARNES
Technical



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ELEANOR M. BLOOMFIELD
English



PAUL P. BOGATKO
Physical Education



BELLE F. BONTEMPO (MRS.)
Science



JOHN CAVICCHIA
Mathematics



FLORENCE P. CLAYTON
Science



CATHERINE A. CLEARY
Mathematics



EDGAR A. COLE
Technical



EDWARD A. CONROY
Technical



MARY G. CONWAY
Secretarial



MARGARET R. CREMEN (MRS.)
English



JESSIE C. CRUMMY
Nurse



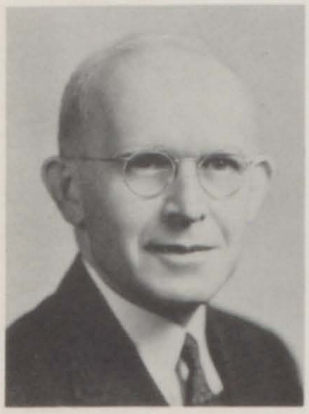
HERMAN G. CUTHBERT
Mathematics



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Business



SARAH DANZIS
Clerk



WARREN H. DAVIDHEISER
Business



LOREN L. DAVIS
Social Science



AGNES A. DAVITT
Librarian



SADIE A. De LEON (Mrs.)
Science



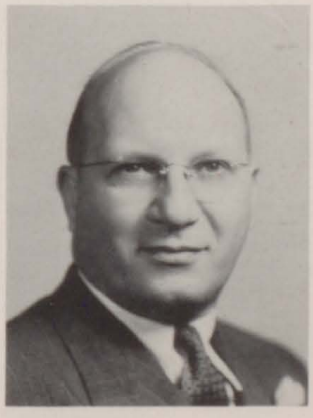
NICHOLAS E. Di NARDO
Music



BEATRICE L. EICHHORN
Clerk



ESTHER A. ELAM (MRS.)
Home Economics



WILLIAM S. FAST
Business



SADIE Z. FEINSOD (MRS.)
Science



CHARLES FISHER
Art



LOUISE FRIEDMAN
English



JOSEPH F. FULLER
Technical



MILDRED M. GILBERT
Physical Education



EDITH R. GODSEY
Languages



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CHARLES L. GRUBEL
Science



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Secretarial



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English



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Home Economics



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FREDA G. KIRSCH (MRS.)
Clerk



SAMUEL KOSKY
Business



DELPHINE KRAEMER
Counsellor



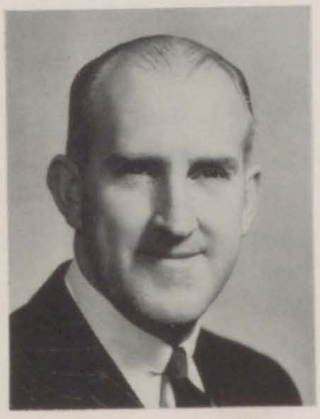
NORRIS H. LAUGHTON
English



THOMAS LEAVY
Social Science



NORMA P. LEITCH (MRS.)
Health



JOSEPH LIDDY
Physical Education



LEONARD LUMB
Mathematics



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English



HUBERT De G. MAIN
Art



VIOLA MARPLE
English



ESTHER L. MARTIN
Art



LILLIAN K. MAY
Science



ELLEN C. McALLISTER
Science



RICHARD A. MILLER
Technical



ROBERT S. MILLER
Social Science



ALEX MORSEWICH
Technical



EUGENE R. MUSGROVE
English



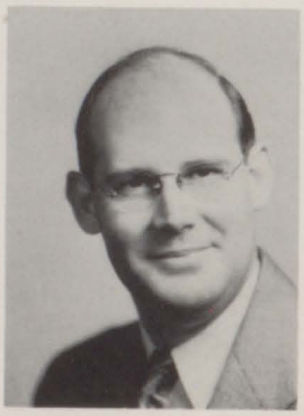
KATHERINE NELLIGAN
Secretarial



ENGELBERT NEUMAYER
English



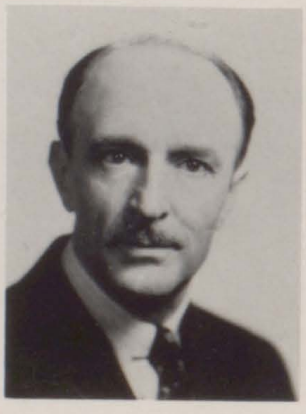
MARION NOONAN
Business



ANDREW PALMER
Science



RUTH PERKINS
Secretarial



DIEGO PETRUZZELLI
Languages



WILLIAM F. RAINER
Technical



MARGARET RALEIGH
Physical Education



FREDERICK C. REEVE
Science (On furlough)



ELLEN RICHARD
Secretarial



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Business



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English



ANNE D. RUSSOMANNO
Clerk



SARA K. SAMSON (MRS.)
Science



J. JEROME SCHLOSSER
Mathematics



GARLAND H. SMITH
Business



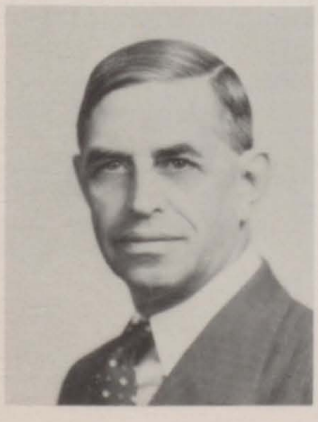
FRED E. SPANN
Physical Education



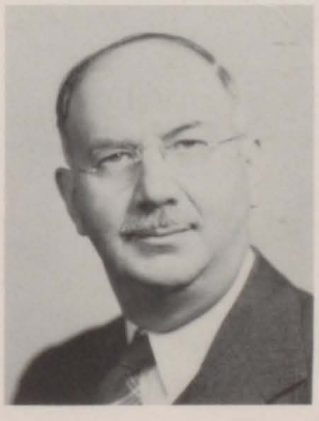
MONROE L. SPIVAK
Science



HOWARD G. STINTSMAN
Technical



WINFIELD H. STONE
Mathematics



W. HARRY SUTTON
Business



EARL THARP
Business



JAMES H. TUCKLEY
English



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Technical



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Pianist



JESSIE C. WAGONER
English



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Business



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Technical



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Secretarial



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Home Economics



EMILY G. WILDER
Music



WORDSWORTH D. WILLIAMS
English



MICHAEL A. WINDUS
Technical



FLORENCE E. WITTMEIER
Languages

Other Members of the Faculty

FLORENCE W. CAFFERTY	Music
ALICE C. CAMPION	Social Science
FRANCES M. FERGUSON	English
LOUISE G. JOHNSON	Librarian
ALICE W. MUNROE	Secretarial
MARION I. ROYS	Social Science
ETHEL I. M. SANTORO (MRS.)	Secretarial
FLORA E. LAVAGGI, M.D.	Physician
EUGENE MERLISS, M.D.	Physician
MARY D. POLAND (MRS.)	Dean of Girls

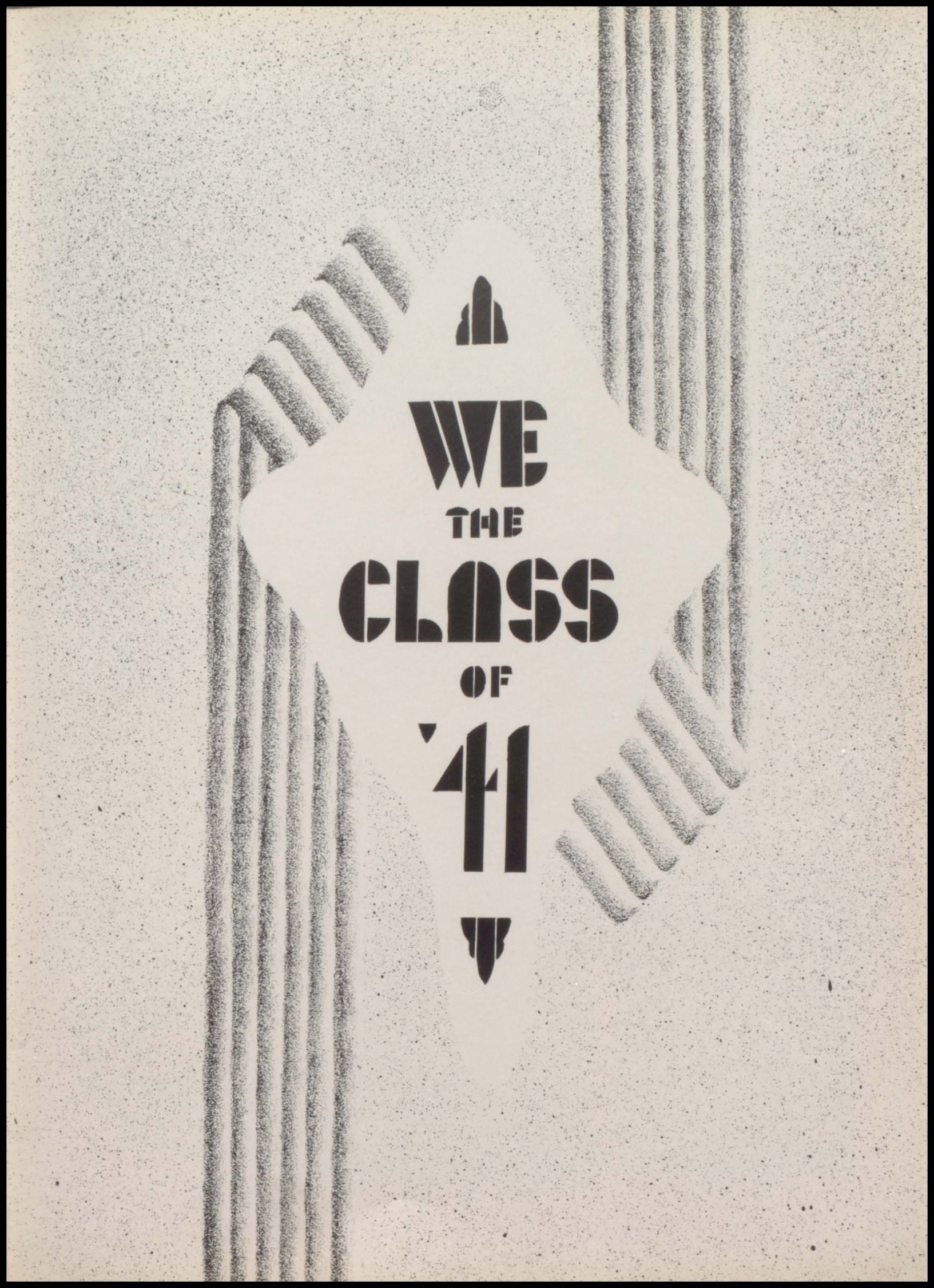
Retired

ELI PICKWICK, Jr.	Principal
EDNA L. BACON	Social Science
THEODORA H. EHMAN	Latin
GEORGE A. GENZMER	Languages
ELLA W. MOCKRIDGE	Art
CARL F. LANGLAS	Technical
DANIEL G. YODER	Business



East Side High School Annex Faculty

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ARTHUR A. GRAY	Business
BERNICE GREEF	Art and Music
RUTH GRONHEIT	Science
CAMILLE MALBROCK (MRS.)	Physical Education
HARRY MOSKOWITZ	Physical Education
MARTIN MOSKOWITZ	Mathematics
MARGARET MURPHY	Science
AMELIA O'BRIEN	English
HENRY F. PEASE	Technical
DAVID T. PALIN	English
ANGELO ROSAMILIA	Mathematics
EVELYN K. TABANKIN (MRS.)	Clerk


WE
THE
CLASS
OF
'41

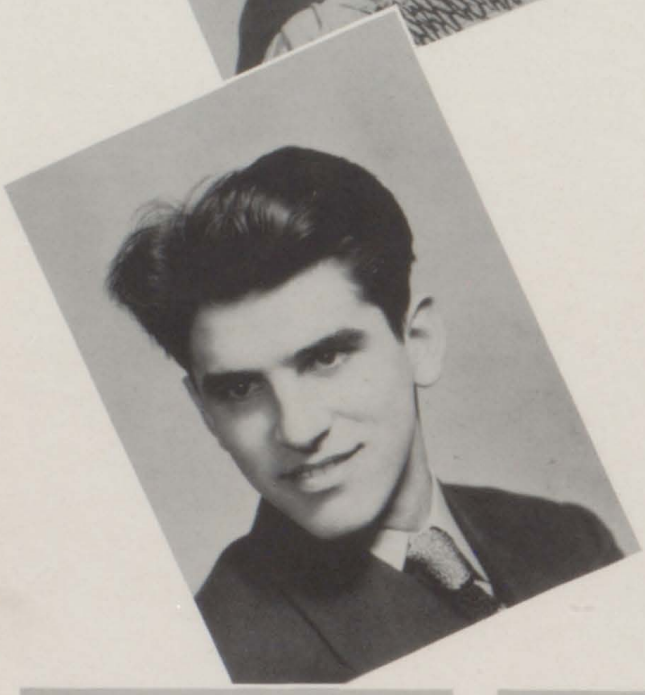




Dorothy May Aram
168 Brill Street
Business
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

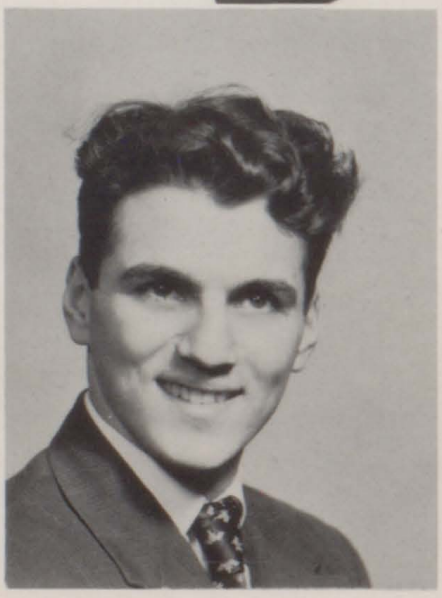


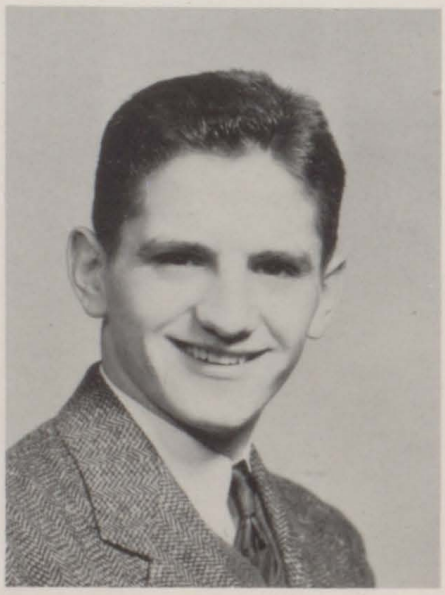
Bernard R. Ardziejewski
42 Hawkins Street
Business
"The best and noblest lives are those which are set toward high ideals."



Marie Kathleen Ameen
245 Walnut Street
Secretarial
"A constant friend is rare and hard to find."

Frank Alvarez
88 Congress Street
Business
"A moral, sensible, well-bred man."





Peter Angelo Alati
124 Prospect Street
Minimum
"I speak but for myself."

Matthew C. Adamkoski
299 Oliver Street
Technical
"Carefree and gay, and liked by all who knew him."



Bertha May Ball
109 South Street
Minimum
"To wish more virtue is to gain."



Peter Barkosky
75 Columbia Street
College Preparatory
"The hare it was, you know, who lost the race."



Carmine Carl Bavero
364 Elm Street
Clerical
"He, the sweetest of all singers."



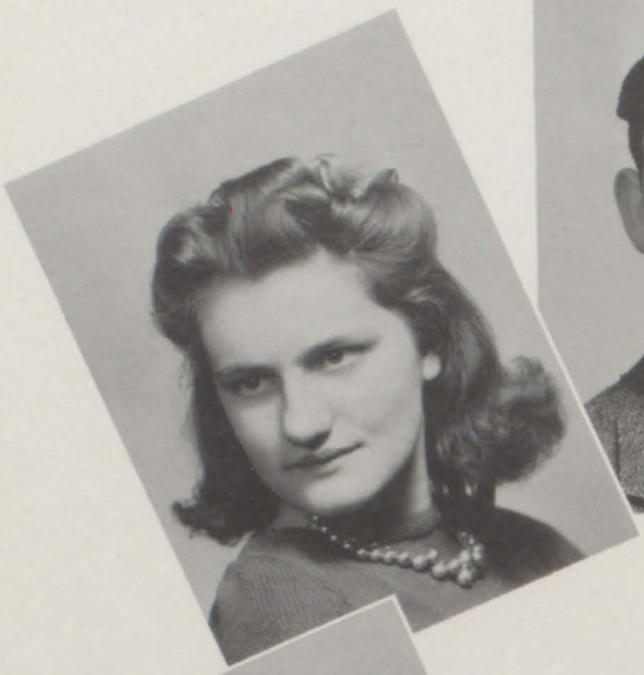
Bertha Berzinec
1142½ Broad Street
College Preparatory
"Never arrogant nor proud, on she went with manner mild."

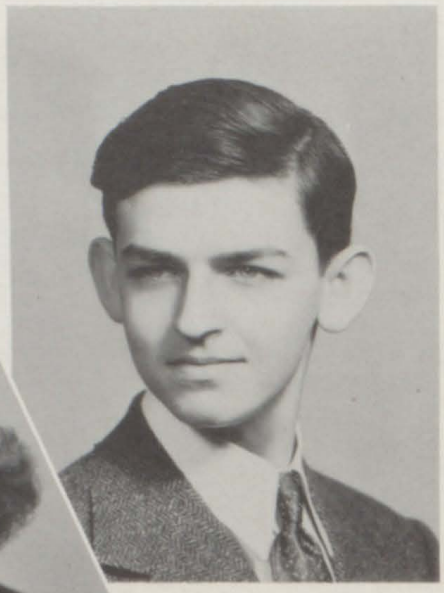


Paul Betcher
331 Belmont Avenue
Technical
"His ready help was always nigh."



Marie C. Bianchino
291 Jefferson Street
Secretarial
"I said not much.
But then, my nature is such."





Anton John Boesner
339 Elm Street
Business
"Almost everything that is great has been done by youth."



Anthony Bonavito
224 Elm Street
Clerical
"The little cares that fret me,
I lost them yesterday."



Lillian Ann Bober
474 South 12th Street
Secretarial
"Great feelings, great thoughts, come to her."

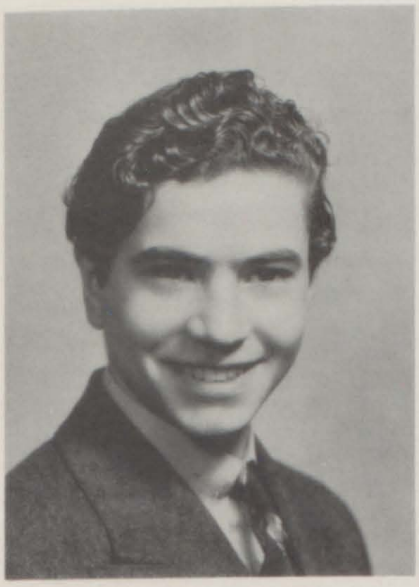
Helen Theresa Bittner
162 Adams Street
Secretarial
"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."





Elizabeth C. Bischof
400 Walnut Street
Business
"To chase gloom and fill a room with things worth while —just smile."

Charlotte Felicia Bienick
63 Brill Street
Business
"To make this world a friendly place,
One must show a friendly face."



Jack Borges
264 Mulberry Street
Minimum
"Silence is nothing but perception."



Emily Bortnick
36 Hensler Street
Secretarial
"Of manner sweet, and air divine."



Mary Josephine Bove
205½ Chestnut Street
Secretarial
"She spoke not a word but went straight to work."



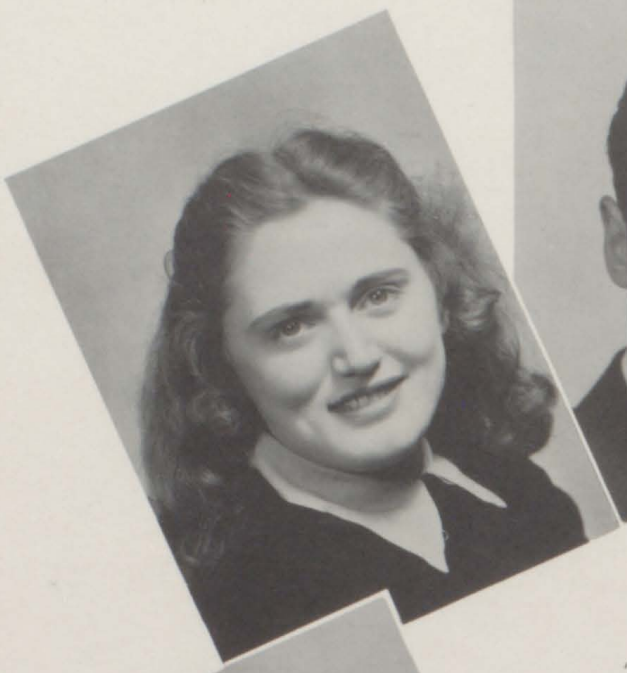
Edna Freda Breite
389 Lafayette Street
Clerical
"Content to follow when others lead the way."



Jean Elizabeth Breunig
24 Fleetwood Place
Secretarial
"Common sense is most uncommon."



Nancy Cecilia Byrne
619 Ferry Street
Secretarial
"There be none of Beauty's daughters with a magic like thine."







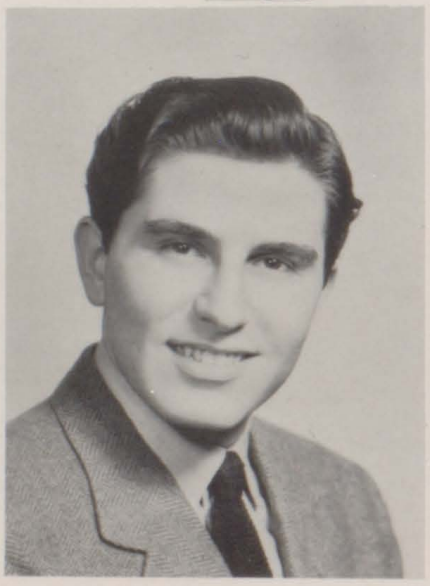
Joseph Morrell Catala
178 Walnut Street
Clerical
"Quietness is not his nature."

Gloria Celaya
19 Pacific Street
Secretarial
"Is she so quiet, so demure? Maybe, but don't be too sure."



Eleanor Evelyn Caputo
102 Jefferson Street
College Preparatory
"For nature made her what she is, and never made another."

Joseph John Cantlupe
294 East Kinney Street
Technical
"He seems of cheerful yesterdays, and confident tomorrows."





Nicholas Victor Calandra
107 Van Buren Street
Business
"A spendthrift of wit and good humor."

Samuel Joseph Calabrese
230 Walnut Street
Clerical
"I am the happiest when farthest from my pen and book."



Marie Lucille Cenci
177 Adams Street
Secretarial
"So charming beyond compare."



Joseph Carmen Cicalese
188 East Kinney Street
Clerical
"A wee, winsome laddie."



Parsina Rose Cincoli
93 Congress Street
Secretarial
"An even disposition is to be admired by all."



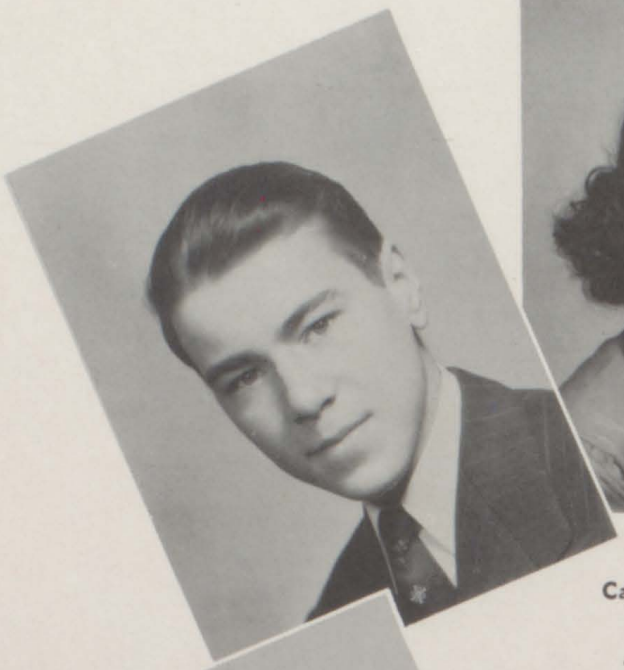
Mildred Theresa Civetta
85 Pacific Street
Clerical
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Olga Costa
61 Jackson Street
College Preparatory
" . . . once before I heard those melodious strains; t'was in a lovely dream."



Eugene Joseph Couto
194 Ferry Street
Technical
"Be gone, my cares!
I give you to the wind."







Carmella Sue Del Grippo
73 Monroe Street
Business
"Still waters run deep."



Walter J. Deptula, Jr.
46 Mead Street
Industrial
"If duty and pleasure clash,
Let duty go to smash."



James Davies
38 East Park Street
Clerical
"Silence is more musical than
any song."

Marie Anne D'Angelo
286 Adams Street
Secretarial
"Music hath charms; so have
musicians."





Florence Ann D'Alessio
181 Adams Street
Secretarial
"Hers is a heart well-filled
with cheer for every being."

Doreen Cullen
12 Emmet Street
Secretarial
"A smile of hers is like an
act of grace."



Anna Mary Di Cosimo
51 Nichols Street
College Preparatory
"Speech is silver; silence is golden."



Anthony Di Rienzo
61 Nichols Street
Technical
"Never do today that which can be done tomorrow."



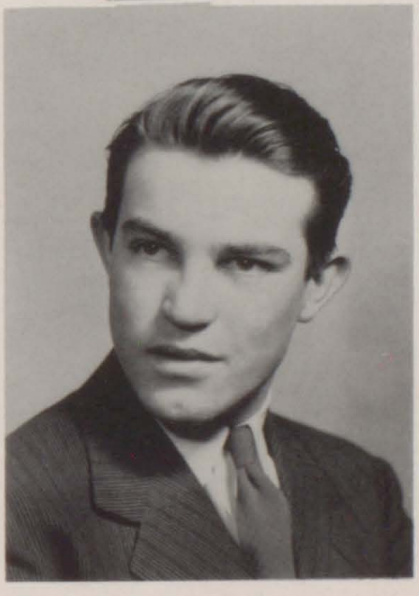
Olga Donelik
11 Fillmore Street
Secretarial
"Her worth, her kindness to espy,
You need but gaze on Olga's eye."



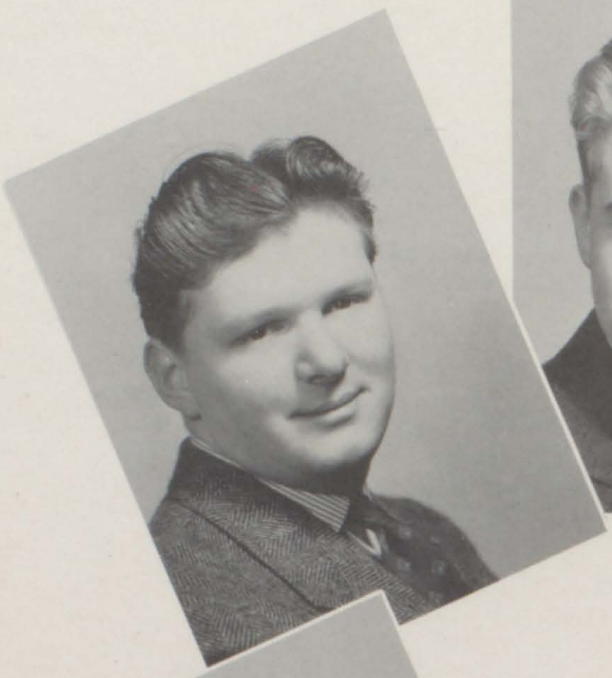
Zuleida N. Dos Santos
24 Downing Street
Secretarial
"A light heart lives long."

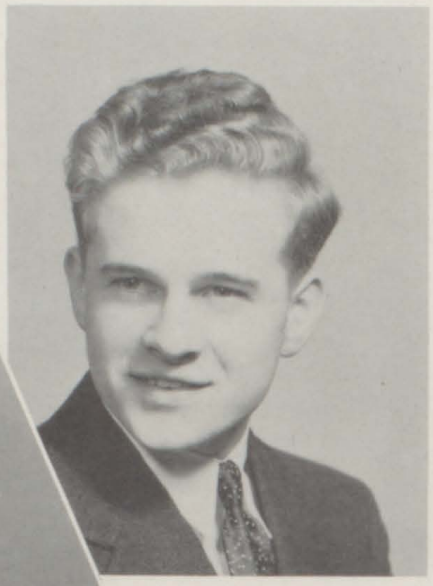


Thomas Stanley Dudek
24 Garrison Street
Industrial
"We find in life exactly what we put into it."



Martha Adele Eschner
67 New York Avenue
Secretarial
"Her smile's a passport to new friendship."





John Joseph Gaborski
26 Wall Street
Technical
"Silence is as deep as eternity,
Speech as shallow as time."



Frank Ralph Galante
17 Pacific Street
Minimum
" 'Tis not the clothes that make the man."



Leonard Bard Friedman
659 South 14th Street
Industrial
"The world is a wheel and it will come 'round all right."

Angelina Fernicola
28 Warwick Street
Clerical
"There's no mischief in this girl."





Frank P. Fernandez
131 Union Street
Industrial
"Seek not to be rich but to be happy!"

Nussrie Joseph Farah
110 Congress Street
Technical
"He speaks, behaves, and acts just as he thinks right."



Anna Lillian Gaska
17 Valley Street
Clerical
"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."





Eugene Joseph Germaine
554 Ferry Street
Minimum
"There is mischief in his eyes."

Alfonse S. Gesumaria
65 Adams Street
Business
"Pleasure and action make the hours seem short."



Marian Martha Giantomas
229 Elm Street
Minimum
"An active maid, full of the joys of living."



Dorothy Giese
371 Elm Street
Business
"To be simple is to be great."



Nancy Valentine Giordano
123 Johnson Street
Minimum
"Her smile, like sunshine, Darts into many a sunless heart."





Pasqualina C. Grillo
75 Malvern Street
Secretarial
"Let fools the studious despise,
"There's nothing lost by being wise."



Eileen Anna Haas
19 Ferdinand Street
Secretarial
"She is a good type and a good typist."



Mildred Green
75 Hawkins Street
Secretarial
"I have a heart with room for every joy."

Helen Eva Gonska
78 Chambers Street
Clerical
"A daughter of Diana who excels in sports."





Marie Gomez
127 Union Street
Secretarial
"A happy, bright lass is she,
Never an old maid will she be."

Jeanette Rose Golda
41 Marne Street
Secretarial
"The tree of knowledge in your garden grows."



Veronica Emelia Haino
20 Hermon Street
Minimum
"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."





Rita Marie Healy
104 Niagara Street
Minimum
"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art."

Catherine E. Heller
85 Darcy Street
Business
"There is no better virtue than cheerfulness."

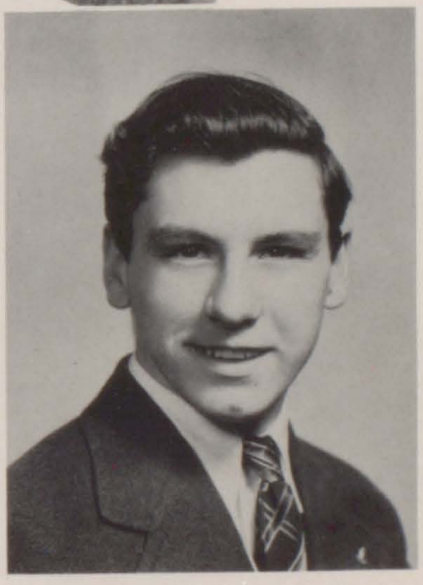


Robert Julius Hellwig
42 Garrison Street
Technical
"A little work and much more play,
Keep me going through the day."



Joseph James Hertling
116 Brill Street
Technical
"A quiet nature and a steadfast friend."

John Hodulich
37 Darcy Street
Technical
"Life is what we make it."







Michael Hoydich, Jr.
98 Ferguson Street
Technical
"Slowly but surely he thinks before he acts."



Theresa Marie Illis
46 Barbara Street
Secretarial
"Words fail us when we turn to you,
Who are so loyal, kind and true."



Wynifred Lorraine Howe
33 Cottage Street
Minimum
"She is always laughing, for she has infinite wit."

Doris Dorothy Horbayzuk
92 Pulaski Street
Clerical
"A merry heart goeth all the day."





Phoebe Hofer
222 Oliver Street
Secretarial
"Her smiling eyes with simple truth were stored."

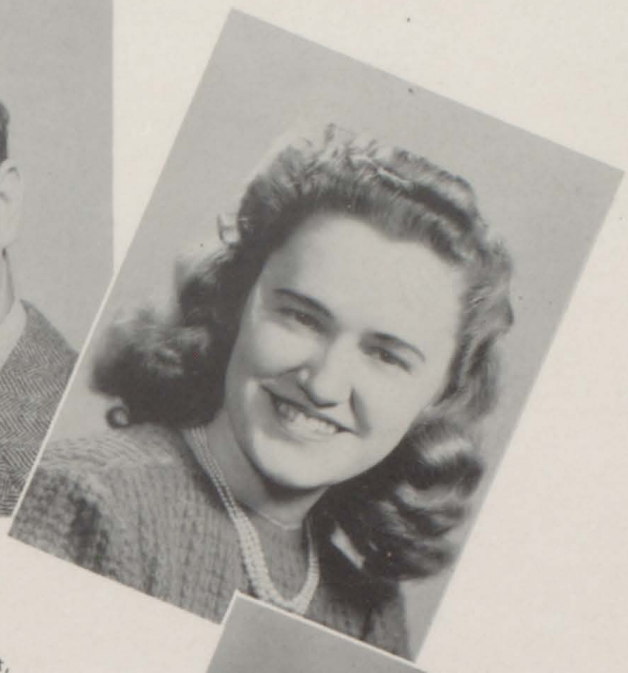
Mary Hodulich
22 Wilson Avenue
Business
"A studious miss who thrusts all folly aside."



Ralph John Inamorato
77 Adams Street
Industrial
"His stature belies his ability."



George Frank Izzolino
22 Calumet Street
Minimum
"Brevity is the soul of wit, Therefore let us be brief."



Josephine Mary Jablonska
246 Van Buren Street
Secretarial
"And her bright face made sunshine in a shady place."



Edna Emma Jabs
374 Elm Street
Minimum
"Look beneath her surface; let not her worth escape thee."



Mary Dorothy Jajo
86 Pulaski Street
College Preparatory
"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."



Genevieve I. Jankowski
114 Chapel Street
Secretarial
"No divinity is absent if prudence is present."

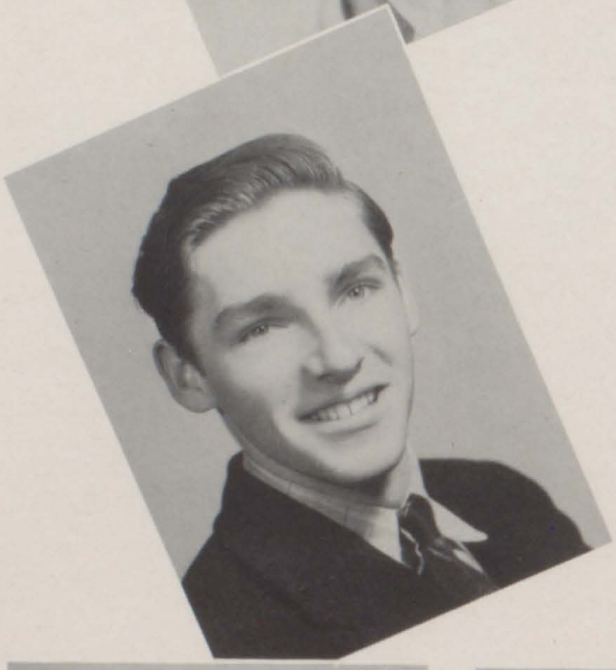






Adele Frances Karash
45 Garrison Street
Business
"A happy disposition is her greatest treasure."

Alice Frances Kelly
73 New York Avenue
Secretarial
"Gay and carefree spell her name."



Viola Theresa Kanach
54 Underwood Street
Clerical
"In a world of darkness thy smile is a light."

John Kamanar
48 Cortland Street
Business
"The way to have a friend is to be one."





Helen Bernadette Jones
27 Cortland Street
Secretarial
"Her eyes are stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight too, her dusky hair."

Marion John Jeczmien
52½ Brill Street
Technical
"O what mischief he could spin."



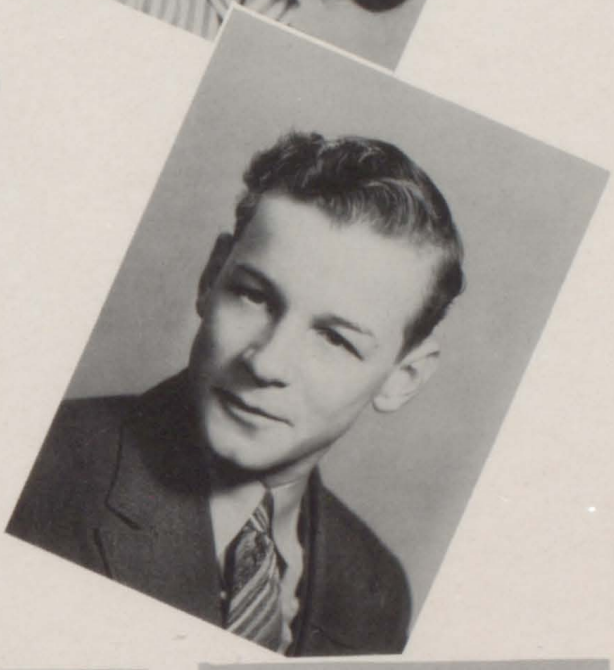
Frances Veronica Klaus
106 Seth Boyden Court
College Preparatory
"O lovely eyes of azure, clear as the waters of a brook that run limpid and laughing in the summer sun."





Lois Jean Klittich
155 Thomas Street
Business
"Here is a heart well-filled with cheer for every being."

Ann Rose Klos
18 Elm Road
Secretarial
"To draw, to sketch, to paint is my delight."



Richard Robert Kloss
335 Lafayette Street
Clerical
"No matter what he did, he did it well."



John Peter Kobular
44 Komorn Street
Minimum
"His victories and his glories are his own."



Stanley Charles Kordys
264 New York Avenue
College Preparatory
"Knowledge is the great sun in the firmament.
Life and power are scattered with all its beams."





Walter Kushnier
58 Downing Street
Clerical
"Why live if not to be merry and gay?"



Ann Pauline Lacara
144 Adams Street
Secretarial
"Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."



Steve Lawrence Kubicka
42 Read Street
Technical
"Life is a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once and now I know it."

Edna Agnes Krug
118 Wilson Avenue
Secretarial
"A friend that is warm and steady."





Helen Kravec
350 Elm Street
Business
"Throw away sorrow, cast away care."

Michael Edward Kozma
94 Tichenor Street
Industrial
"Sincerity is the mark of strong souls."



Pasquale J. La Fragola
104½ Pacific Street
Business
"Youth will have its way."



Doris Clair Lang
87 Darcy Street
Clerical
"We are charmed by the neatness of her person."

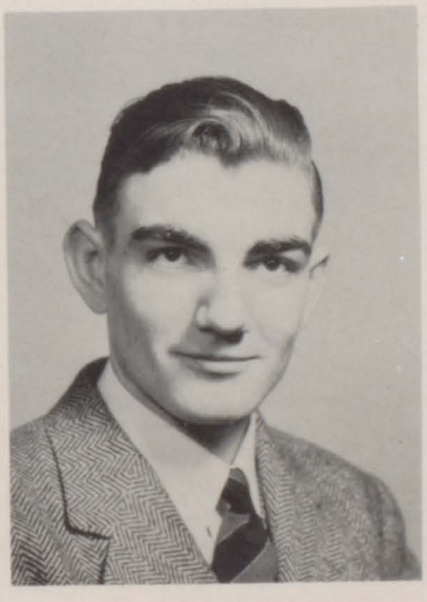


Nancy Grace Laurenzano
401 Chestnut Street
Secretarial
"Your charms strike the sight, and your merit wins the soul."



Lorraine M. Lawler
1162 Broad Street
Clerical
"Those who know thee not,
no words can paint,
And those who know thee,
know all words are faint."

Bertha Leba
306 East Kinney Street
College Preparatory
"Thy voice is sweet as if it took its music from thy face."



Bernard Peter Leber
16 Komorn Street
College Preparatory
"A mighty brain, a will to endure,
A heart that is brave, strong and sure."



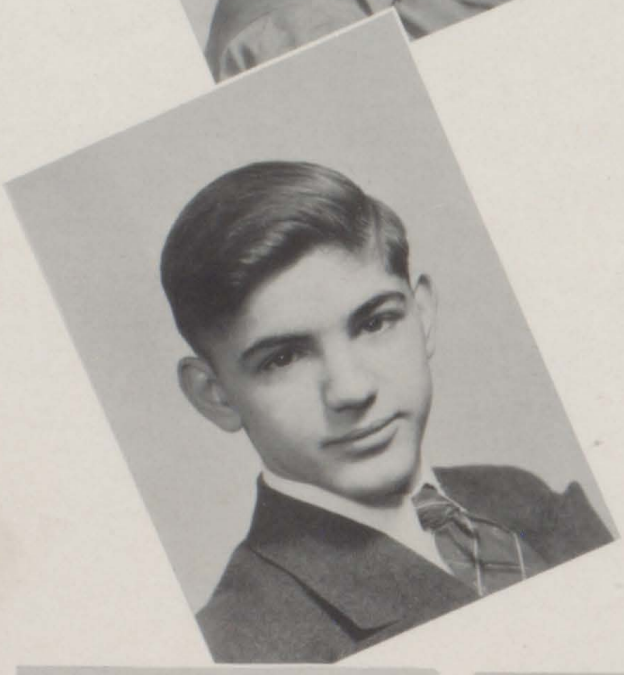




Dorothy M. Levandoski
314 New York Avenue
Secretarial
"A girl who is pleasant, a girl who is gay,
A girl who is happy the live long day."



Stanley Victor Loboda
98 Elm Road
Minimum
"His only fault is that he has no fault."



Pearl Lerner
104 Green Street
Business
"'Tis her good nature that wins us all."

Pasquale Joseph Lepore
506 Market Street
Business
"There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming."



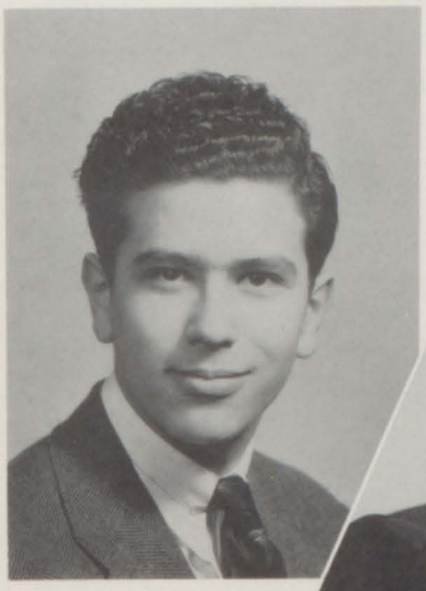


Ann Georgina Lemonche
83 McWhorter Street
Minimum
"Modesty is a crowning grace."

Minnie Helena Leib
55½ West Street
Secretarial
"Particular in her way, Yet always jolly, fine and gay."



Theresa Lubertazza
15 Warwick Street
Minimum
"A modest miss with a smile of bliss."



Benjamin Lubiner
100 Orchard Street
College Preparatory
"He who is firm in his will moulds the world to himself."



Shirley Lubiner
100 Orchard Street
College Preparatory
"A witty woman is a treasure;
A witty beauty, power."



Peter Macheska
365 East Kinney Street
Technical
"Character is higher than intellect."



Edna Rose Mankewicz
135 Rutherford Street
Secretarial
"Like a ray of sunshine is her smile."

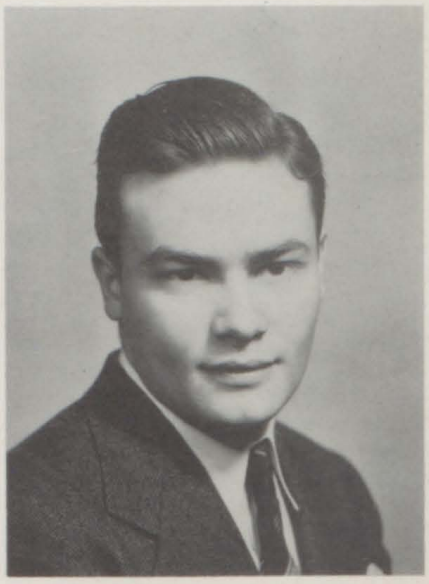


Matthew Joseph Marano
18 Downing Street
College Preparatory
"The world admires those who try, and then succeed."





Carmella Ann Martucci
63 Delancy Street
Secretarial
"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."



Daniel Anthony Marzano
246 Emmet Street
Business
"An athlete, a worker, and a man, known for his spirit of good fellowship."



Lillian Lucille Martone
303 Chestnut Street
Secretarial
"She did much and did it well!"

Josephine E. Martone
303 Chestnut Street
College Preparatory
"She that has patience may compass anything."



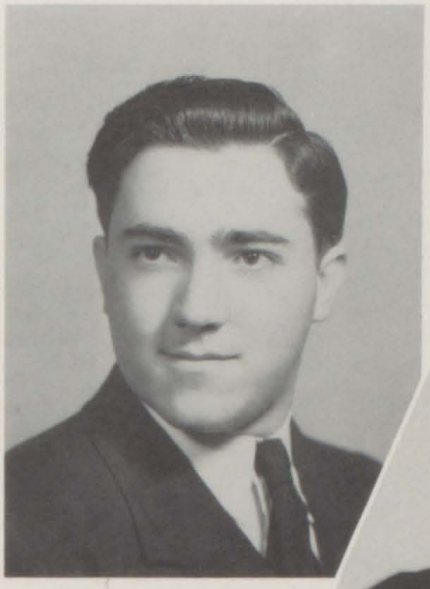


Anne Marie Martone
95 Delancy Street
Business
"She's just the quiet type whose nature never varies."

Catherine R. Marottoli
292 Van Buren Street
Secretarial
"Humorous of speech, gracious of heart, sincere of soul."



Lucille Rose Maselli
163 Lafayette Street
Secretarial
"She listened with a fitting blush
With downcast eyes and modest grace."



Louis Raymond Mazzella
192 Walnut Street
Business
"With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk 'til journey's end."



Ann Marie McGrath
15 Brinsmaid Place
Minimum
"A friendly smile and a quiet way."



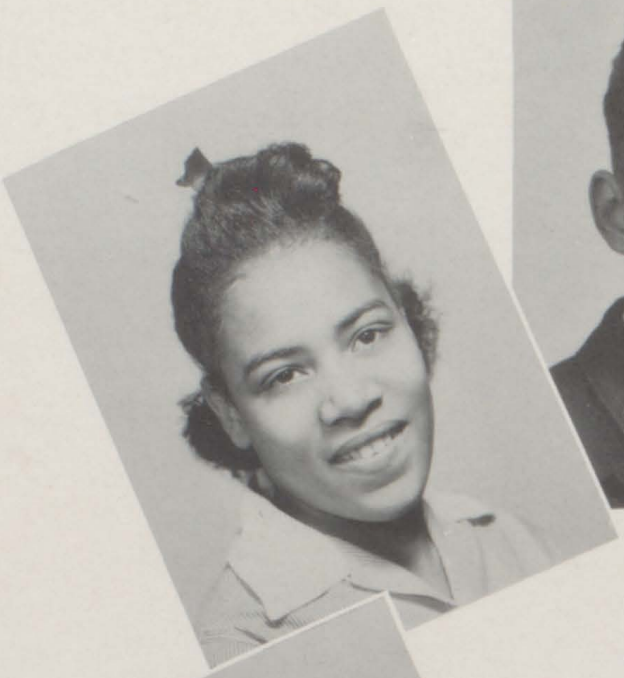
Alberta Meinhard
154 Van Buren Street
Secretarial
"A smile for all, a greeting glad,
An amiable, jolly way she had."

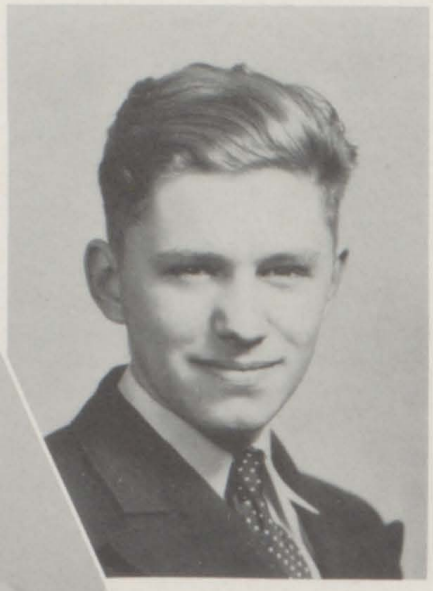


Joseph Peter Mingoia
81 Nichols Street
College Preparatory
"He is a hard, willing worker and is bound to go far."



Gordon Monis
542 South 12th Street
Business
" 'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."





Paul John Nagy
94 Houston Street
Technical
"A pleasant youth with a pleasant smile."



Ruth Lilly Navitsky
134 Adams Street
Clerical
"A daughter of the gods,
divinely tall
And most divinely fair."



Pauline Rose Murphy
24 East Kinney Street
Clerical
"There's no wisdom like frankness."

Eugene Joseph Morris
360 Elm Street
College Preparatory
"Witty, lively, and full of fun,
Yet one who usually gets his work done."





Genevieve C. Morello
204 Malvern Street
Minimum
"Women of few words are the best women."

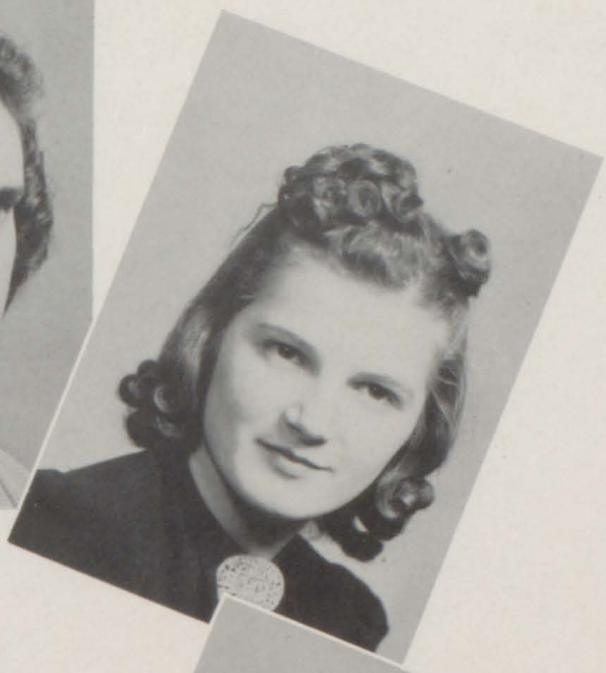
William Henry Monk
153 N. J. R. R. Avenue
Business
"A little work, a little play,
To keep us going every day."



Anthony Thomas Nitti
78 Merchant Street
College Preparatory
"If I exaggerate now and then . . .
Please overlook it, my friend."



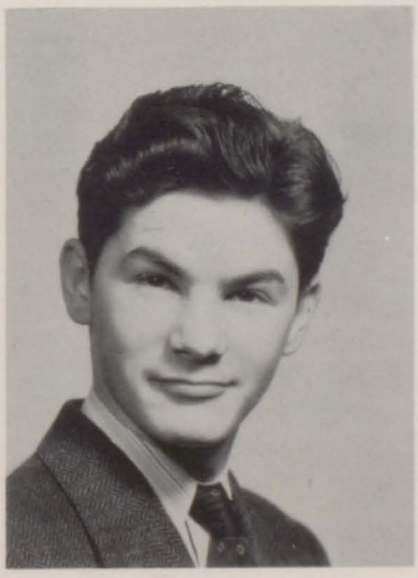
Cecilia Jenny Novak
246 Van Buren Street
Secretarial
"Ere she was born, the stars of fate
Plotted to make her fine and great."



Genevieve N. Oczkowski
328 West Market Street
Secretarial
"A face more sweet ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."



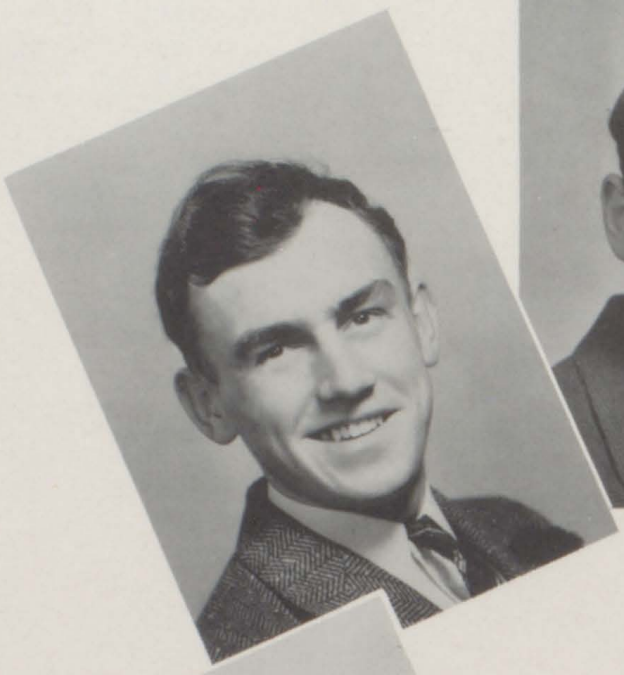
Catherine Pabst
21 Darcy Street
Secretarial
"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."



Joseph Frank Pacelli
26 Warwick Street
Technical
"His smile is sweetened by his gravity."



Joseph Peda
177 Adams Street
Business
"He's the kind who likes to have his fun,
He loves a joke and can return a pun."





William M. Pierson
41 Fillmore Street
Clerical
"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all content like me?"



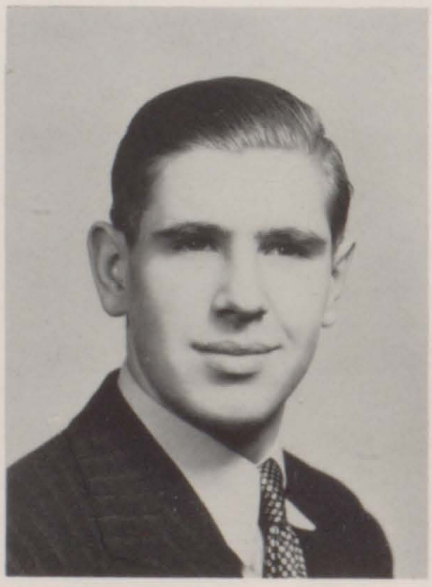
Mary T. Pietrulewicz
100 Napoleon Street
Secretarial
"A strong and supple-bodied miss,
Whose cheery presence brings one bliss."



John Picyk
35 Read Street
Business
"His heart was made of manly simple stuff."

Frances Anne Piatek
45 Napoleon Street
Secretarial
"A charming girl with modest air,
Who patiently seeks some learning rare."



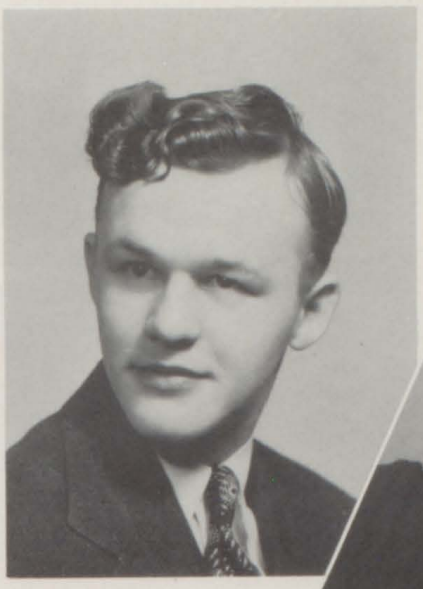


Emilia Marie Piatek
206 Warwick Street
Business
"A lovely smile, a twinkling eye,
A musical laugh and ne'er a sigh."

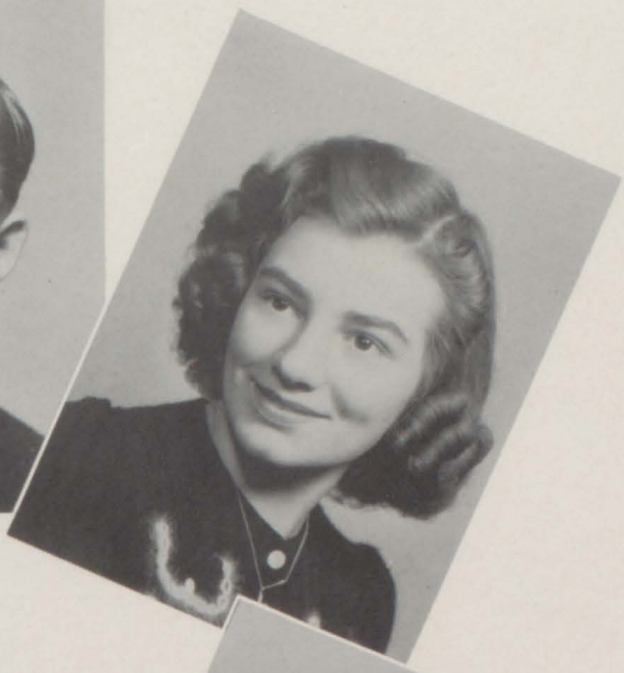
James Perez
118 Prospect Street
Technical
"By the work one knows the workman."



Eleanor Lopez Pinal
64 Congress Street
Secretarial
"An abridgment of all that is pleasant in woman."



Matthew Joseph Pociask
263 New York Avenue
Technical
"A genial fellow, true of heart,
With him we'll surely hate to part."



Bertha Frances Polomska
160 Polk Street
Clerical
"That undefinable ease that never fails to please."



Carmine A. Pontetti
380 North 6th Street
Clerical
"Smile—and the whole world smiles with you."



Eva Laura Powell
347 Mulberry Street
Secretarial
"Patience is the bitter seed that sows sweet fruit."



Edmund C. Pryzbyla
200 Warwick Street
Secretarial
"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure and pleasure my business."





Mary Joan Regula
20 Houston Street
Minimum
"Not solemnity, nor dignity,
But friendliness and jollity."



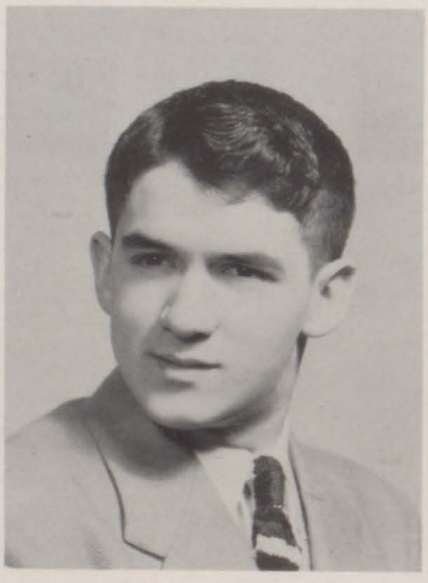
Mary Grace Reo
92 Malvern Street
Clerical
"Small but liked by
everyone."



Henrietta Julia Redel
160 Polk Street
Secretarial
"Peace rules the day, where
reason rules the mind."

Theresa Sadie Ray
70 Nichols Street
Secretarial
"Genial, bright, with a fond-
ness for smiling."





Albert Aurelio Pulido
21 Cottage Street
Technical
". . . who mixed reason
with pleasure and wisdom
with mirth."

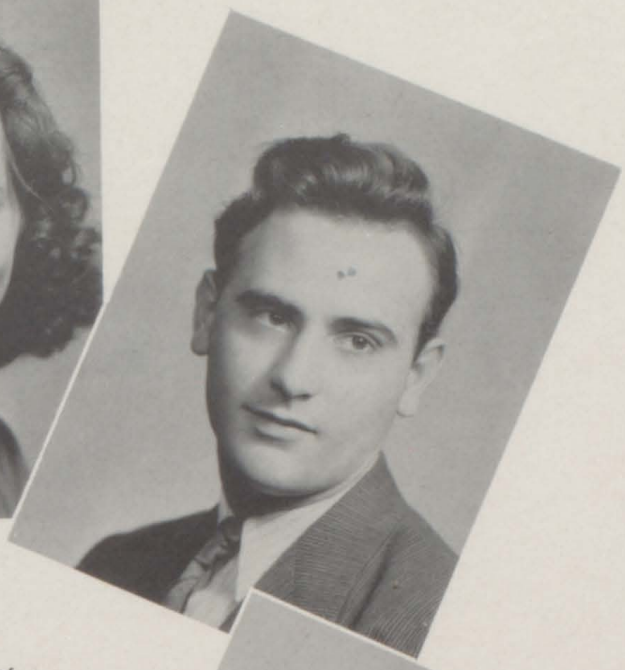
Henry Joseph Przybek
90 Pulaski Street
Technical
"He is fond of dress; but
fonder of dresses."



Marie Louise Riccio
418 Walnut Street
Business
"Good natured as the day is long."



Louise B. Richardson
1124 Broad Street
Secretarial
"I've had my full measure of laughter and pleasure."



Edward Anthony Rosinski
525 Market Street
Technical
"There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile."



Christine Carol Rossi
50 Delancy Street
Secretarial
"From the top of her curly head to the tip of her toes, she's grand!"



Edmund Andrew Rozek
261 New York Avenue
Technical
"There's a jest on his lips, if it's laughter you need."



Christine Catherine Russo
151 New York Avenue
Secretarial
"A quiet maid, never bold of spirit."





Alice June Sanecki
92 Pulaski Street
Minimum
"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant too, to think of."



Angelina A. Sangiorgio
182 Pacific Street
Secretarial
"Joy lights the candle in her heart."



Luby Samborski
240 Ferry Street
Business
"Her wisdom is more to be desired than great riches."

Catherine R. Saltarelli
159 Malvern Street
Secretarial
"Whose guiltless heart is free from all dishonest deeds."





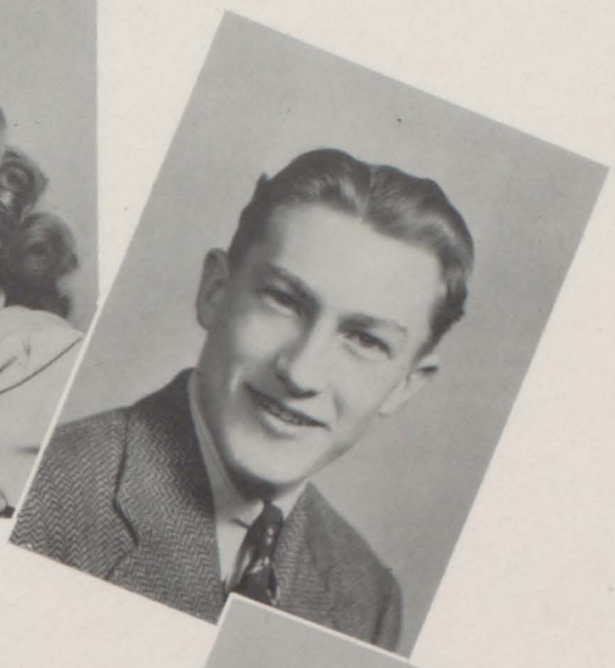
Pasquale A. Saldutti
151 Polk Street
Technical
"Friendly as only a friend can be."

Joseph Patrick Ryan
151 Brill Street
Technical
"He is a volume if you know how to read him."



Marie Frances Schell
31 Komorn Street
Secretarial
"Your voice is gentle as the touch of Spring."





Rose Anna Schell
31 Komorn Street
Secretarial
"Sing again, with your dear voice revealing a tone of some world far from ours."



Frank John Schleicher
3 Hillside Avenue
Technical
"This world's no better if we hurry,
"Life's no longer if we worry."

Mildred Martha Schmidt
48 Lang Street
Minimum
"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To taunt, to startle and waylay."





Howard Frank Schwartz
552 Ferry Street
Technical
"A merry youth, and one to care unknown."

Eleanor Ann Scott
25 Cortland Street
Business
"There's peace in her heart, beauty in her face,
In her soul there's joy, and in her bearing, grace."





Adele Slenis
86 Walnut Street
College Preparatory
"Of all the arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."



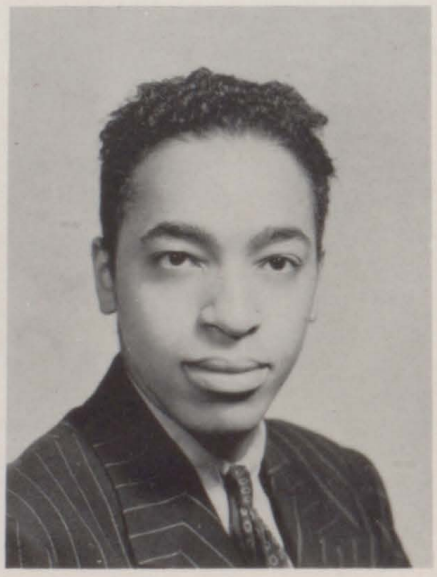
Anne Smith
302 Walnut Street
Secretarial
"We meet thee like a pleasant thought."



Theresa Clarene Slade
94 Union Street
College Preparatory
"Her hands on the ivory keys
Strayed in fitful fantasies."

Loretta R. Siarkowicz
40 Fleming Avenue
Business
"It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."





Anna Marie Shultzkis
162 Adams Street
College Preparatory
"My book and heart must never part."

Ralph John Scott
295 Mulberry Street
Minimum
"One of the very best of chaps."



Stella Amelia Sobon
38 Fillmore Street
Secretarial
"To thine ownself be true..."



Helen Agnes Sofranko
42 West Kinney Street
Secretarial
"A constant companion of mirth."



Jeanette T. Sokoloski
34 Fleming Avenue
College Preparatory
"Nothing endures but personal qualities."



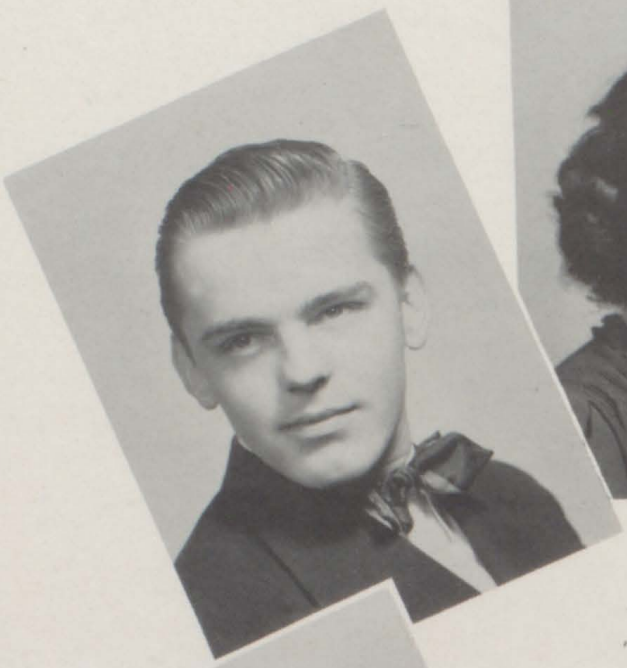
Cabiria Sponzilli
260 Parker Street
Secretarial
"I love her for her smiles, her look,
Her way of speaking gently."



Jane Ann Sullivan
11 Fleming Avenue
Business
"It's nice to be natural, when you're naturally nice."



Stephania J. Sygnarski
365 Walnut Street
Clerical
"Dark and winsome; laughing always; and full of fun."





Olga Anna Tomko
49 Barbara Street
Secretarial
"In whose little body lodged a mighty mind."



Josephine V. Tortorello
188 Delancy Street
Business
"Nothing is difficult—for one who tries."



Chester J. Tchorzewski
52½ Brill Street
Technical
"He is a reasonable man; handsome and witty, yet a friend."

Sam Joseph Tambasco
319 Walnut Street
Technical
"Humor is the foam on the wave of life."





Edward Szeles
251 Fairmount Avenue
Technical
"Better late than never."

Genevieve T. Szamreta
439 Walnut Street
Secretarial
"A gentle dignity in voice and manners."



William J. Trautvetter
83 Marne Street
College Preparatory
"The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself."



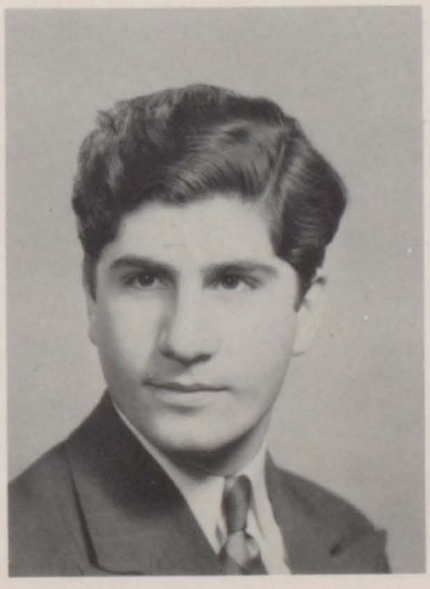
Sophie Mary Trzoniec
216 Van Buren Street
Secretarial
"There's a smile on her lips, and a twinkle in her eye."



Helen Marion Tuli
247 McWhorter Street
Secretarial
"Of gentle soul, to human race a friend."



Charles Tyjewski
465 Ferry Street
Technical
"Were he perfect, we would admire him more and like him less."



Armenio R. Vennettilli
67 Ferry Street
Minimum
"But such as are good men, give good things."



James D. Vigliotti
127 South Street
Business
"With a song on his lips, a melody in his heart."





Peter Whyly Walker
27 Gillette Place
Technical
"In stature small, ambition large."

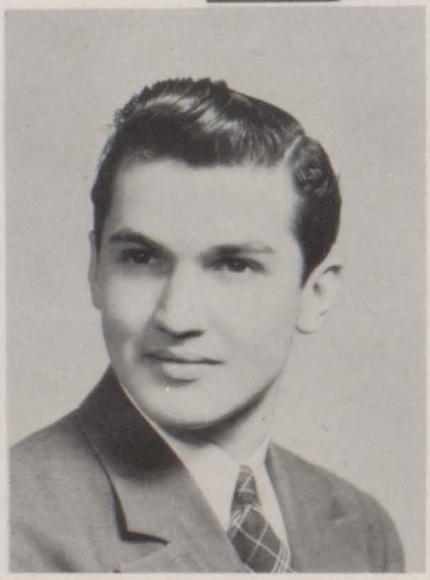


Josephine L. Walukonis
150 Polk Street
Secretarial
"Dancing eyes that send forth light
And make the darkest places bright."



Dorothy Frances Walch
123 Garrison Street
Secretarial
"The sun set, but not her hope,
Stars rose; her faith was earlier up."

Peter Paul Walauskas
144 Walnut Street
Technical
"A good laugh is sunshine in the house."





Joseph Daniel Visco
305 Walnut Street
Business
"A handsome lad, with flashing eye,
And smiling lips that never sigh."

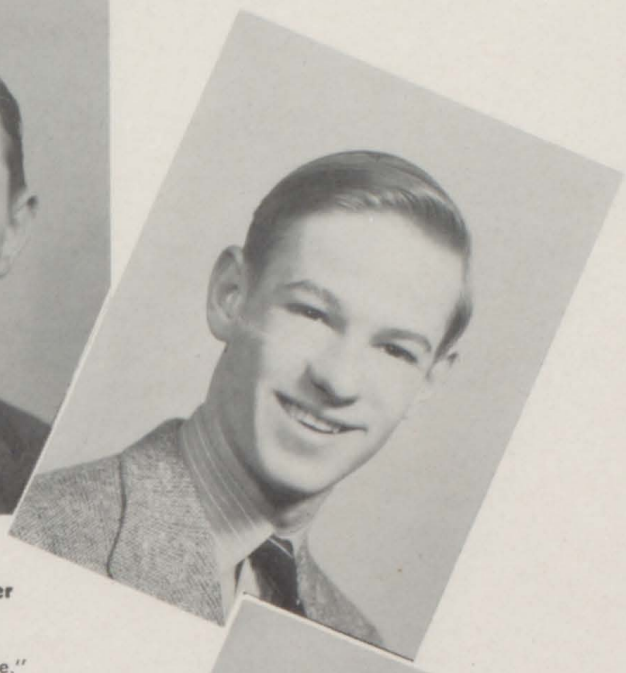
Philip Anthony Vignola
104 Delancy Street
Business
"A happy disposition is his greatest treasure."

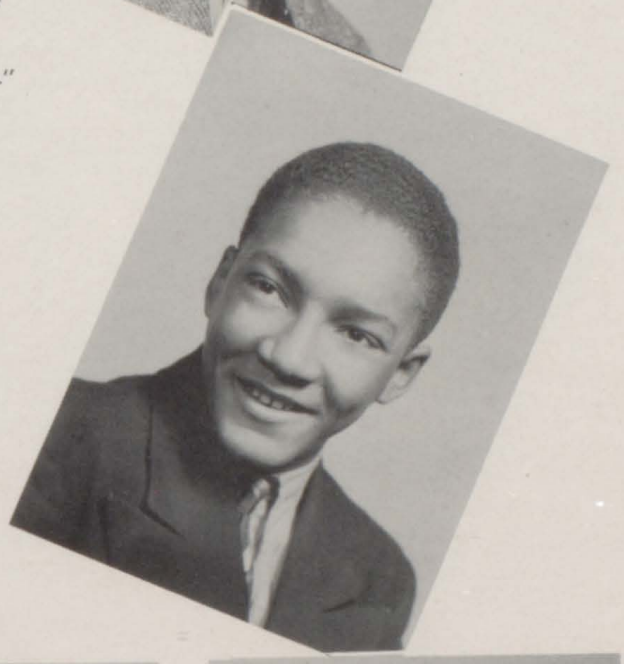


Andrew Albert Warzocha
57 Garrison Street
Technical
"It's a rare man who works both willingly and well."



William Joseph Weber
26 Darcy Street
Industrial
" . . . malice towards none."





Glen Roland Whichello
12 Emmet Street
Technical
"What's the use o' folks a-weeping?
Might as well go along and smile."

Maitland Walter White
46 Crawford Street
Minimum
"For . . . variety is the spice of life."



Chester John Wilk
65 Lang Street
Technical
"Make up your mind, fellow!"



Geraldine A. Williams
212 Chestnut Street
Secretarial
"Good nature and good sense make good companions."





Evelyn T. Zaborowski
19 Merchant Street
Secretarial
"So rare is the agreement between attractiveness and modesty."



Claire Josephine Zaleski
12 Oxford Street
Minimum
"A right merry maid, a good sport with all."



Clara Wanda Zablotny
375 East Kinney Street
Clerical
"Golden hair, like sunlight streaming on the marble of her shoulder."

William Michael Young
229 Clifford Street
Minimum
"He speaketh not, and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes."





Anne Theresa Wysocki
13 Alyea Street
Secretarial
"Kind words are worth much, and cost little."

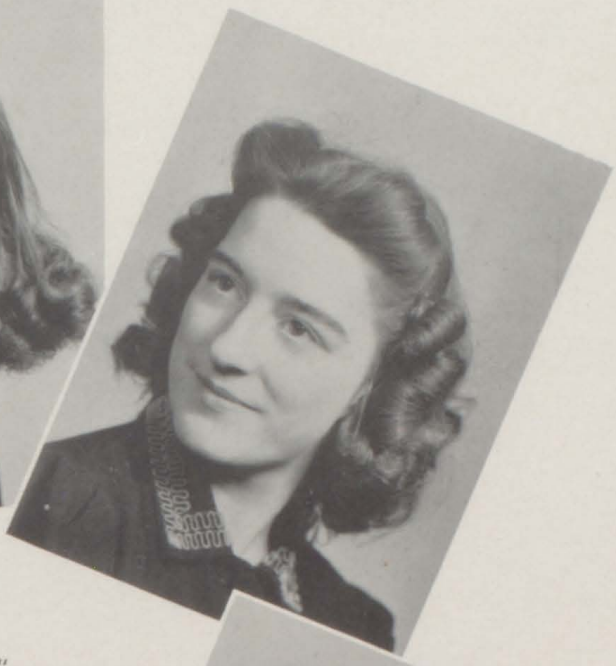
Sam John Wilzol
171 Van Buren Street
Technical
"A regular fellow and a true friend,
Always willing to lend a helping hand."



Rudolph Zamula
35 Fleming Avenue
College Preparatory
"He was a scholar, and a right good one."



Mildred Emily Zavochi
77 Ferguson Street
Secretarial
"A charm invests her face."



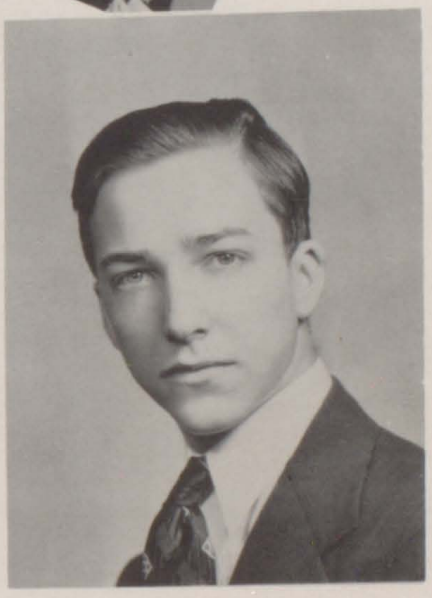
Lucille Jeanette Zink
52 Brunswick Street
Minimum
"A perpetual smile that charms us all."



Frances Theresa Zjawin
33 Vincent Street
Clerical
"Her only fault is that she had no fault."



Edward Joseph Zurawski
417 Chestnut Street
Industrial
"A wind's in the heart of me, and a fire's at my heels."



Edward Ladislaw Zyra
81 Mott Street
Technical
"Quiet, but oh, so nice, is this young man."




THEN
AND
NOW


Harry Gilroy

Coming Through



Time: 9:25 A. M.

Place: Main waiting room of Pennsylvania Railroad Station, Newark.

Subject: Interview.

Person Questioned: Mr. Harry Gilroy, Secretary to Charles Edison, Governor of New Jersey.

Reporter: Josephine Walukonis.

Reporter (thinking): Wonder how he'll be able to know I'm the one from East Side. Of course, he did say to stand at the telegraph counter, and I'm trying to look as though I'm waiting for someone with my notebook and pen ready for action.

(Two minutes later a rather tall man in a tweed coat, soft felt hat, wearing glasses, and carrying a zipper brief under his arm, walks straight toward the reporter).

Reporter: Mr. Harry Gilroy?

Man: That's right. Now, shall we sit down and see what I can do for you? (Both are seated).

Mr. Gilroy: Please feel free to ask me anything you think will be of use to your yearbook article.

Reporter: Let's start in with your education. Did you attend any school after graduating from East Side in June 1926?

Mr. Gilroy: Upon my reluctant exit from several good years of East Side life, I entered Rutgers University. I was graduated in 1930, and left with only one material thing showing for my years of work—a sheepskin with a Bachelor of Letters degree tagged to it.

Reporter: And after that?

Mr. Gilroy: That same year I became a reporter on the Newark Evening News. My first job was night duty at Newark's police headquarters, with hours from eight to three. The work consisted of covering fires, suicides, murders, and such niceties. Oh! I must tell you about the initiation. As you probably know, such work often takes us to the city hospital. Well, when the doctors discover you're a new reporter, they rush right up and insistently invite you to come and view the latest corpse. Obligingly, you follow them and before you realize what is happening, they commence dissecting (slicing up) the body. If you're still living after that ordeal, the honorary title of "full-fledged reporter" is placed upon you. I know it's a horrid story, but I can't help coupling it with night duty.

Reporter: I imagine this work was not for long?

Mr. Gilroy (laughing): No it wasn't. I was soon sent to the Court House to cover Essex County government stories.

Reporter: . . . and when does a certain lady enter the picture?

Mr. Gilroy: Lady? Oh! I see what you mean. Well, I married in 1933 just before I became Washington Correspondent.

Reporter: What type of work did you have at Washington?

Mr. Gilroy: The New Deal was then being developed with the National Reconstruction Administration still operating. It was there that I met Governor Edison, then head of the N. R. A. Together with Congressional reporting, twice a week I visited the White House for press conferences and during these visits became acquainted with the various cabinet members. It is exciting and marvelous work for a reporter interested in government, but in 1936 I returned home.

Reporter: You mean you left your position?

Mr. Gilroy: Not exactly, I continued work on the newspaper four days a week and devoted the other three to a pet idea—namely, writing short stories. And I assure you, I turned out hoards of stuff worse than the things I wrote for the old Orient. J. C. (John Cavicchia) will probably say that's impossible—nothing could be worse than my early literature.

Reporter: Oh! Mr. Cavicchia is probably prejudiced.

Mr. Gilroy: Regardless, I soon returned to full-time work on the paper.

Reporter: How did you acquire your present position?

Mr. Gilroy: The election came along, but I didn't take part in the campaign aside from the usual reporting work. One day in January, I received a call from Governor Edison's office inquiring about an interview. A few days later, I resigned from my position with the Newark News and began work as secretary to the Governor.

Reporter: Do you enjoy your present work?

Mr. Gilroy: Yes, I really am getting a "kick" out of it, but there is only one drawback—my only dependent, a wonderful pussy-cat, does not approve of the hours.

Reporter: I guess that brings us up to date Mr. Gilroy. But tell me, are you working in the field that was your ambition in high school?

Mr. Gilroy: Confidentially, for many years, in my opinion, there was only one worth-while position—professional baseball, and look at me now! (Speaker system announces that Mr. Gilroy's train leaves the station in three minutes).

Mr. Gilroy: I've got to hustle now, but give my regards to the "old guard," you know, Mr. Laughton, Mr. Musgrove, Mr. Miller, Miss Roys, and Mr. Stone, and convey my very best wishes to the Class of June, 1941. (Mr. Gilroy hastily walks off).

Reporter (thinking): Well, wasn't he great! Made me feel as though I'd known him for years. No wonder he's come through with flying colors!

After Fifteen Years

by JOSEPHINE WALUKONIS

ON January 27, 1926, thirty-six anxious and eager students marched up a seemingly endless aisle in East Side High School's auditorium to receive their hard-earned diplomas. Were these young ladies and gentlemen different from any other group of graduates? No, they were not. They were merely a typical body representative of past and present graduating classes. These few words might cause one to think they were common—without individualities—but this was not so. They had their peaks and pitfalls in ability and characteristics, just as all classes have.

But have you ever wondered what becomes of a whole graduating group? True, occasionally we are told of the whereabouts and welfare of this or that alumnus, but never are we given an illustrative account of the entire body. For instance, just what is the status of a class fifteen years after commencement? Well, since we have such a symbolic group in the Class of January, 1926, let us look them over and perhaps we may be able to picture the Class of June, 1941, fifteen years hence.

Might not a few of our debaters and orators enter the law field just as Milton Brucks did and who has now been practicing law for the past nine years? It is more than likely that several of our boys will delve into the mechanical line similar to Harold Higgins—now head mechanic of the Hall-Scott Motor Car Company. Mr. Higgins informs us that "The training in blueprints and machine shop practice received at East Side has proven most valuable."

True to form, there are always a few artistically inclined graduates who invest the arts. Albin Kayrukstis, Roster holder, studied sculpture at Cooper Union and traveled abroad for several years. He now occupies the position of mechanical drawing and art instructor in Poquonnock Bridge, Connecticut. He has designed and constructed the scenery for several theatrical productions.

Ruth Konwiser graduated from college after studying music and was getting along beautifully until that old Horseman "Marriage" caught up with her. You have to be quite a runner nowadays to be able to escape it! It also outran Grace Morgan, alumna of Panzer College, after five years of teaching physical education. Of course, she still teaches P. E., but now her class is limited to three—all family. The Horseman overtook Johanna Kalosy, but she partially outwitted him by continuing to be a "career woman." Career? —a good stenographer, and what could be better?

Shirley Fischman, "Class Prophecy lawyer," didn't even attempt to justify her prophet but married a dental mechanic almost immediately after graduation. She now is the proud mother of an eight year old son and a daughter of three and a half.

Alexander Orban, President of the class, is now an elevator mechanic in the Federal Building. Mr. Orban is also exceedingly clever in designing nursery furniture, drawing, and painting. "His products rank with the best." Quote Mr. Sutton.

Bessie Thorn secured a position with an insurance company upon graduation and kept it for thirteen years. She had been married for five years when, in 1938, the Horseman insisted she must give all her time to him.

Thomas Ciallella, who married Sadie Franco (also an East Sider), is now a druggist employed at one of the Whelan stores.

Leon Meyers (class comedian) has become a little more somber and now exerts his energies in window dressing for the Miles Shoe Company.

Virginia Cook and Julia Kriger continued their school friendship by securing positions in the same company—The Prudential.

Of course, our list would not be complete without a detective and a banker, Gene Skiro and James Villani respectively.

All classes contain persons with excellent (?) managing ability and Stanley Mazur fits right in here as foreman of the Shipping Division in the Celluloid Corporation.

Regretfully, we find that two of this class have died, namely, Gregory Beltaire and Bessie Warshawsky. The former in an auto accident and the latter while at college.

Sarah Mintz has remained single and upholds the position of bookkeeper with a collection agency.

Unauthoritative sources tell us that Fred Mech is in the advertising business in Radio City, New York.

Helen Prancess, Rose Teves, Mary Vetrini, Sophie Levitt, Celestine Messinger, and Marian Goldberg all married and lived happily (?) ever after!

Walter Aston, Ruth Bryan, Dominic Cantlupe, Adolph Loos, and Edith Johnson, persons of whom we know nothing whatsoever, would probably be listed by Detective Skiro in the "whereabouts unknown" column.

Apparently, to our eyes this is a small number for an entire class, but from the few mentioned, do you recognize yourselves fifteen years from now? Shall you be this one or that one? Perhaps if you will scan the accompanying picture, you may view a "futurama photo" of yourself. Well, here's looking at you!



Then

The Class of January, 1926

Now



A COMEDY

"DON'T TAKE MY PENNY"

BY

Anne Coulter Martens

• • •

Presented by the

11A CLASS

OF

EAST SIDE HIGH SCHOOL

• • •

Friday, April 4, 1941

8:15 P. M.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SALLY, a maid	Irene Byk
NORMAN PORTER	Morris Seglin
PENNY	Eleanor Janis
CALEB	Nick Kozloff
MARK	Carmine Attanasio
MAVIS	Marie Sadowsky
LYDIA	Helen Bondzelewski
JOANNA	Jean Skowron
KERRY	Lou Rispoli
GREG	Fred Fella
"GRAM"	Olga Dolgy
MONSIEUR HENRI	Ralph Masciola
CLAIRE, ELSIE, LUCILLE (Models)	Cecilia Stokowski, Wanda Banach, Angela Castro
RED	James Costabile
HARRISON DAY	Ted Romak

Coach — Miss Amelia Kartluke

Music by East Side High School Orchestra
Nicholas Di Nardo, Conductor

PROGRAM

ACT I
The Pringle living-room. Eight A. M.

ACT II
The same. Four P. M.

ACT III
The same. Eight P. M.

STAGE CONSTRUCTION
Under direction of Hubert De G. Main

Pete Bushauer
Louis Gonzalez
Joseph Di Mauro
Nick Maddalena
Helen Wegrzynek
Stephanie Roman

Furniture generously loaned by
JELLEY FURNITURE COMPANY
159-161 Ferry Street, Newark, New Jersey

Produced by special arrangement with
The Dramatic Publishing Company of Chicago

Don't Take My Penny

ON April 4, 1941, a three-act farce entitled "Don't Take My Penny" was enacted at East Side High School. As the audience viewed this comedy, no one, with perhaps a few exceptions, was aware of the fact that the playwright, Anne Coulter Martens, is one of our former East Side students. Even Mr. Musgrove of our English department, was not acquainted with the fact for the first time as he glanced at his program. Then, after a moment's thought, it all flashed back to him. Yes, he certainly remembered the young lady who had won all the literary prizes while representing our school. He recalled how, in 1922, her essay "Famous Women of the Revolution" put us in top standing, and that same year her poetry played a great part in bringing forty per cent of the state's prizes back to East Side. Her class prophecy of 1923 also stood out in his mind as the work of a literary genius. But here Mr. Musgrove's memory stopped—he knew very little about her since graduation and nothing at all concerning her career as a playwright. Mr. Sutton, ever interested in successful alumni, insisted that some sort of investigation was necessary in order to learn more about Mrs. Martens since her departure from East Side the following résumé is the result of a short interview with her:

Upon graduating from Montclair Teachers College, Miss Coulter taught at Warren Street School, later changing to a little red schoolhouse located in Broadway, N. J. In 1931 she married C. P. Martens, chemist in a steel laboratory. While she continued teaching for a few years, she wrote her plays at night. In 1939 her daughter Betty Ann was born. Now, almost any woman will tell you it's impossible to keep house well, take care of a new baby, and devote hours upon hours to writing plays. But, Mrs. Martens does it. It is well to note that she never arranges her life or her family's in order to facilitate her writing. Instead, she fits her literary work into an odd hour here and there.

While at college Mrs. Martens wrote several "things to be given." It was only when a teacher advised her to enter a play contest that she suddenly realized she unknowingly had been writing plays all along. She just wrote another "thing to be given" and won first prize!

Mrs. Martens' tools are made up of a five cent 7x11 tablet and a fountain pen. It is interesting to know that she has been using the same pen for exactly ten years. She tells us that on rare occasions she may get a light for an idea but, for the most part, it's like pulling teeth. A complete synopsis of the play and chart of stage positions must first be made. As the play is filled in, she must continually refer to her outlines. While writing a play, peace and quiet are important but if they are overdone and she does not see people for a period of time, her characters begin to act abnormally. On the other hand, sometimes she has had just enough company to give her oodles of ideas and then more and more arrive, making it impossible to even jot down an outline. After the play is completed in longhand, Mrs. Martens types it before sending it to her publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago.

Although Mrs. Martens has written a great many comedies, she does not by any means limit herself to them. Her plays delve into religion, patriotism, democracy, Christmas lines, and numerous others. At the present time, her publisher has requested one-act plays concerning the American way of life in order to make the general public more conscious of the fortune of living in America. She is also now working on a three-act play dealing with a character such as Penny Pringle of "Don't Take My Penny."

When asked what was the total number of plays she had written, Mrs. Martens did not know! Any of us would certainly have kept close track of the figure, especially if there were more than five or six, but not Mrs. Martens. She had to sit down and count her file. Then to her own surprise and our astonishment, she arrived at the total of forty published plays. A few of the three-act plays are "Professor, How Could You!", "Don't Darken My Door," "Toby Helps Out," and "Absalom—My Son!"

Yes, it's all true. In the little town of Washington, New Jersey, dwells an East Side alumna trinity, Anne Coulter Martens—wife, mother, and prolific playwright.





Anne Coulter Martens
and her Daughter


HERE
AND
THERE

The Editor Writes

by STANLEY KORDYS



OUR system of education evolved from the very crude efforts of people of colonial days. At that time girls were deprived of schooling, and instead were taught at home to sew, to cook and to perform other household duties. Only the exceptional girl took private lessons in music or dancing, but this was not common. The boys received very little schooling in the schools, which were then supported by the churches. The average boy's education was finished when he reached his early 'teens, and those boys who finished became apprentices to men practicing their chosen professions. Thus, they received their training.

One of the earliest laws concerning education was passed in Massachusetts. It required that every town having fifty families was to support a school in which to teach reading, writing and arithmetic. Two hundred and ninety years later, we find ourselves part of a very intricate educational system, which strives to make of youth upright citizens who act with consideration for all.

Our school is a typical one. It has taught us the principles which are so necessary for a successful life, and those important to the proper method of attacking our daily tasks.

During our years at East Side we have been taught to be sincere. With the cooperation of the faculty we have realized that our tasks should be faced with bold hearts and bold minds. Even in our school work we saw how much it meant to start courageously. With our eyes set ahead, we worked, knowing that the goal could be ours. By constant conquering of small tasks we have reached the goal that seemed beyond reach a few years ago. We should not minimize this because, as a goal, it stood ahead of us. Through work we approached it, and finally attained it and, since it was our goal, we are proud of it.

Soon our tasks will be increased in number and intensity. This is natural. Our tasks are barriers which lend themselves to us so that we may pass them to encounter newer and bigger ones. But what is the best preparation, if not knowledge and willingness? We possess these now, and plan to use them to the best advantage. They will help us to forge ahead and to become leaders and, facing life with a spirit that is so true of East Side, we can make our lives more pleasant and more worthwhile.

On Commencement Night

by BERTHA LEBA



HAIL and farewell! Almost as brief as that has been our stay at East Side High, and tonight marks the end of those four delightful years we spent here. We stand smiling before the wonderful audience of our parents, teachers and friends who seem to be sharing our happiness. Our faces are lighted up with a radiance, but something weighs upon our hearts. It is so hard to bid our Alma Mater adieu, since it seems but yesterday that we entered the portals of our dear school.

We were green Freshmen then—but only too soon we knew our way about quite well. So well, in fact, that it wasn't long before we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fast (you know, you just don't feel like going to your class); Miss Kraemer to whom you fumbled excuses as to why you were absent yesterday (it takes more than a sore finger, or watching a baby brother, to square things up with her). Also on our list of early acquaintances was Mr. Ralston, then principal of East Side, and a host of understanding teachers.

In time our experience increased. We learned among other things that an F on the report card meant failure and not fine or fair; and that Mr. Fast, with utmost generosity, sponsored a detention period for all good little boys and girls.

The days rolled on as we became accustomed to the regular routine; we attended school dances, joined clubs and displayed our colors at all our school games.

So passed the Freshman year, and the following September saw us strutting about as sophisticated Sophomores. Now it was our chance to have a little fun and we weren't chickenhearted about it, either.

Whee!! "Time and tide wait for no man." We're jolly Juniors already. Naturally some time intervened, but not much to speak of. But say, being a Junior is nothing to sneeze at. Now you're referred to as "an upperclassman."

Wait a minute! What's this? We've had nothing like it before, but it sure is fun. I do mean class advisers and election of class officers. Our advisers were Miss Wittmeier and Mr. Grubel—two most charming people to work with, and to seek advice from.

In addition to this we held our first dance. Did we have a crowd? Why, the gymnasium was jammed like Coney Island at Mardi Gras. With a start like this we marched on through the rest of the term.

We are now Junior A's and that means another election. Our previous class officers were swell and so they were chosen for this term also. We

worked, as well as played, now, and looked forward to the summer vacation which would bring us back in September as Seniors.

September 1940; Registration Day. The halls are crowded with students going in all directions. "Why, look at some of those people, the way they do carry on," whispered the Freshmen. "Oh! You'll get accustomed to that, they're only the Seniors," were the answers they received.

Yes, now we're Seniors and we feel mighty proud.

Early in October we had "Senior Recognition," or "Senior Wreck," day. From that day on we were recognized as Seniors. It was on that day the Seniors were seen looking their best, the boys as well as the girls. We all wore roses and felt very important.

Now the joy of joys—our Senior Promenade. What a gala occasion. This day goes down in our minds as firmly as a history date. It was on the evening of December sixth. The boys' gymnasium was transferred into a winter setting with dim lights, holly, Christmas wreaths, and even Santa was there, although a bit too early. The boys and girls looked as glamorous as screen stars, as they glided to the strains of tantalizing music.

And so, with such pleasant memories as these still lingering in our minds we started our Senior A term, and for the last time we elected class officials.

As so many Senior classes before us had done we also followed the tradition of recognizing the Senior B's. It was another day of pretty dresses, checked suits, flowers and dancing.

Our main issue now was the Torch. We wanted it to be the biggest and the best for we had a large class. Everyone worked hard, and before we knew it our Torch was published.

Now June was at hand and everyone was busy with exams or what not. Gradually, through all these years, we come down to the evening of June 25th. We have received our diplomas and are about to bid our Alma Mater farewell.

We feel grateful to all; to Mr. Wilmot, whose help and guidance was a blessing; to Miss Wittmeier and to Mr. Grubel, who led us along the road to success, and to all our teachers. We express our sincere gratitude to our parents, and to all Americans, living and dead, who made our schooling possible.

We stand now at the crossroads and it is up to us to make headway in the world. Whether we succeed or not is entirely our responsibility. Be it what it may, we shall never forget the helpful years spent here. Years full of the richness of joy and living, years during which we were shaped in the mould of good citizenship.

We Will Remember

by RUDOLPH ZAMULA



THE fourth and final year is perhaps the most interesting and memorable of all the four years spent in high school, because of the increased interest and activity of the students who realize that it is their last year and, consequently, try to make it their best year. In the future we may remember 1941 for the important social and politicial events that are occurring in this year and we will forget the things in which we are now interested because of their unimportance. And yet, today's latest fad or melody will bring memories that no historical account can.

As we do our homework we switch on the radio and listen to Martin Block who brings us our favorite records via his "Make-Believe Ballroom." Lately he has featured Tommy Dorsey's record of "Oh Look at Me Now," Glenn Miller's "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square," Artie Shaw's "Frenesi," Jimmy Dorsey's "Amapola," Will Bradley's "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar," and many other popular records.

Two newly popular styles of music are the "boogie-woogie" which features the rhythm section of the orchestra playing eight beats to a bar, and the South American conga, rhumba, and tango which have been popularized by Xavier Cugat.

Having listened to the radio for as long as we have, we should be quite familiar with most of the standard jokes, but we still enjoy the humor of Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Rochester, Fred Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly, and Charlie McCarthy.

After an evening of roller skating, bowling, or watching a movie, we drop into one of our favorite eating places for a hot chocolate or an ice cream soda. We notice that we are becoming accustomed to the bluish fluorescent lights that are being used here and in many other places.

If you have ever looked through an old photograph album and have laughed at the old-fashioned clothes worn by the subjects of these photographs, imagine how ludicrous "wedgies" and toeless shoes will seem a few years from now. Less unusual, and more pleasing to the eye, are the saddle shoes, plaid skirts, and the fuzzy socks and sweaters worn by most girls. To sum it up you might say that every girl tries to dress the same as do other girls and still look different. This they accomplish by wearing those little ornaments on their sweaters or jackets, which range from miniature baby shoes to dangerous looking miniature daggers.

After this brief discourse on girls' clothing we should say a little about boys' clothing. Although masculine styles change very little from year to year, saddle and moccasin-type shoes have become increasingly popular. The idea of wearing a jacket of one color and slacks of another, although not a new one, seems to be more widespread.

After the fall of a dozen European countries on one pretext or another, Great Britain is now threatened. Some Americans believe we can avoid war by helping England while others think that such aid will get us into war. Meanwhile the President, who was recently elected for a third term, is taking measures to build up our national defense. The first of these was the Selective Service Act which requires that all men between the ages of 21 and 35 are to receive a year's military training. This undoubtedly will affect many of us within a few years' time and so we must plan our futures accordingly.

In these many external ways we have differed from the thousands of East Siders who have graduated before us, but in other respects we have done many of the same things that they have done. We have used the same books, walked along the same corridors, and we have learned from many of the same teachers. Many graduates of our school have reached success in their professions and in public life. Ours being a heritage common with theirs, there is much, therefore, for us to achieve.



The Annex Bunch, Class of June, 1941, Three Years Ago.

Memoirs

by SHIRLEY LUBINER



A CLASS history supposedly begins with what happened in the Freshman year. But, "comes the revolution," and a new type of history evolves, starting with the Junior year. Who wants to hear about, or even remember, how we used to get pushed around, stepped on, degraded, intimidated, subjugated and all the other "ateds"? (Who says I don't know any big woids?).

Let's look on the brighter side of life, on the riproaring, stupendous (here we go again), smashing, colossal, booming elections of our third year. Flags unfurled, banners waving in the breeze (I bet they waved at that cute blonde), on we marched to get the best possible officers for the best possible class. Sez who? Sez me! Enny way, Chollie Tyjewski was elected president, Ellie Scott, vice-president, Joe Visco, secretary, Lillian Martone, treasurer.

Ah me! We still had a lot to learn, though. Okay, okay, so we didn't know everything, THEN. One thing we had to learn was the art of selling tickets. Now, of course, there was the high pressure method used only on that low species of a human being known as a Freshman, ugh! Miserable creatures. Then there was the "soft soap" method reserved for the Seniors. We used a sort of happy medium for the Sophomores. (It was just too bad if they liked it "rare").

They're jammin' the doors, they're comin' in the windows, they're climbin' on the roof. People, people—and more people. Tightly packed against one another like sardines. Where are we? In a jammed subway? I should say not! We're at our first dance. Oh happy day! One little, two little, three little dimes, etc., all piling up in a little box. It turned out to be one of the biggest afternoon dances held at East Side and we took in the most money. I told you our class was good! (It still is, for that matter).

Spring came (it usually does) with its myriads of birds, bees, dainty little flowers and caricatures of the teachers, being passed merrily from desk to desk. Nostalgia filled the air and frequent and nearly regular visits were being paid both to Mr. Fast and Miss Kraemer. Funny, how popular these two teachers get during the Spring. Studying and homework were still being handed out but—. The faculty wonders just why we prefer going to the movies rather than to classes. Well-l-l, have we got anyone like Ty Power, (sigh) Clark Gable, Hedy La Marr, or Dotty Lamour on the faculty? Or anyone even remotely resembling these bits of human perfection? Then why ask such silly questions?

Summertime, when the livin' is easy. I wonder if teachers ever heard that song, or if they did hear it have they ever paid any attention to it? Easy living! Sez who? Gee whiz, it seemed as if we were having twice as many tests, twice as much homework and twice as many suspicious inquiries as to why we were absent yesterday. Fire-drills, if there were any, came only during study periods. All bad things, as well as good, must come to an end. So our exams ended, report cards were handed out, we inhaled and then exhaled as we saw we had passed. The way Dame Nature was befuddling our senses during those few months of Spring and Summer, our exodus from the third year of high school may be considered as the eighth wonder of the world.

We made quick recovery from our summer vacations after discovering we were actually Seniors. With no strings attached. We had Senior homerooms, the other students were looking at us with respect and the Freshmen even had that adoring look that comes from hero-worship. But we were above being influenced by the over-awed Freshmen. We would show them no mercy, since none was shown us. "The sins of the Seniors shall be visited upon the Freshmen"—that was our motto. We started dictating to the poor creatures immediately. Instead of wasting our breaths selling them tickets, we made them sell the tickets for us. Although we were, in reality, a dictatorship, we disguised ourselves as a democracy, choosing Dan Marzano for president, Eleanor Scott, vice-president, Ann Smith, secretary and Lillian Martone, treasurer.

Gosh, oh gee, everyone is so excited! The girls are all gathered in little groups talking about dresses, flowers, colors. Why, even the boys are telling each other about their new suits. Now if boys start talking to each other about clothes, something big is in the wind. They say all good stories should be fraught with suspense, and lead up to an exciting climax. Now of course this isn't supposed to be a novel but it's fun to keep one's readers (if there are any) in suspense. But if you leave them in suspense too long it becomes suspended animation and then . . . Oh well, never mind. The reason for all the flurry and excitement was that we were going to be "Wrecked" by the Senior A's, which would officially declare us Seniors too. Came the big day, and such handsome boys and bee-yootiful girls you never did see before. We had ice-cream, cookies, dancing to a juke-box, and, best of all, we had a grand time.

The Senior B debutantes were flung into the social whirl. One dance after another. One success after another. This, then, was life. This was living. This was why they put three long years of hardship in your path before you could become a Senior. But it was really worth it. It was getting colder out and the homework didn't seem quite so hard as it had been before. We had new responsibilities, and more of them, but we accepted all and did a pretty good job. After all, you have to settle down and get serious sometime. It may as well be sooner as later. All the teachers were remarking as to how well-behaved and how bright we were. We were almost angelic. If you looked hard enough and long enough you could see faint

outlines of a halo, and little ridges where the wings were beginning to grow.

What's this!? Here, I go and give our class a beautiful build-up, and then see what happens. Almost every one of the Seniors are staying in after school every night. I should have known it was too good to be true. Oh Life, thou false deceiver, I weep bitter tears. "I wandered lonely as a cloud, through the halls of school, when all at once I saw a crowd, a host of lovely—Seniors working on scenery for our Prom." (All due apologies to Wordsworth). I had jumped at a conclusion too quickly, as Mr. Musgrove would say, but my Seniors did not disappoint me. They were working for a good and noble cost. Excuse me, I meant cause. Of course no one received money, but only the satisfaction of seeing a job well done. Beautiful snow-covered houses, twinkling diamond-like stars, crystalline flakes of snow falling, while soft, gentle strains of sweet music wafted through the air. Jolly old Saint Nick peeked down from one of the chimneys he had been unfortunate enough to get caught in. This was the Senior Promenade. A night when all the fairy god-mothers got together and declared a holiday for their children. They touched their clothes with a magic wand and, behold, ordinary dresses have turned to softly flowing evening gowns, suits to magnificent tuxedos. Ordinary boys and girls have turned into sophisticated Prince Charmings and Cinderellas for the duration of the night. At the first faint flicker of dawn, all must turn back again, but leave them, for the nonce, in a wonderful, mystic fairyland.

The enchantment was broken all too soon and back we were in the land of reality. It had been nice while it lasted, but unfortunately the world refuses to stand still, even to capture lovely moments that may never come again. And so we were back—back to the land of home-work, exams and report cards. The person who discovers what kind of gasoline Father Time uses will make a fortune. That old guy won't let age stop him, for he tears around at break-neck speed. Tch, tch, this old generation, where on earth is it going? Oops! Why look what he did. He pushed us right into 12A. Can you beat it?

Now we didn't wait for any push from old Pop Time but went ahead into a vigorous campaign for our class officers. There was a lot of speculation as to just who would win the election. Bets were being made, and the final count was so close that offices were won by the mere majority of two or three votes. If that isn't a close election I don't know what is. You can't keep a good man down, so Charles Tyjewski rose up and was re-elected for the third time as president. Popular Nancy Laurenzano was chosen vice-president, competent Marie D'Angelo, secretary, and as treasurer, Lillian Martone. Lil was made treasurer by popular acclamation. She ran by herself and everyone voted for her and was glad to do so. That young lady knows how to keep our books straight.

There was a surplus in the treasury by this time, so, like the administration of President Harrison, we decided to get rid of it. Well, not exactly like Harrison's administration. Not with Mr. Grubel (that efficient manager)

acting as overseer. But we did give the Senior B's a grand recognition. We served them ice-cream and cookies, and just because they were our guests they got second helpings. We really didn't mind that, but **we** never got a second helping. Recordings were in popular demand for dances so we had recordings at the "Wreck." Everything went off so beautifully I think even the chaperones had a good time (for a change).

The Senior Spring Spree. We really went on a spree! "'Twas the first day of Spring, and all through the house, every creature was stirring, even the mouse." (Seems to me I do nothing but make apologies to poets. They were born before I was, that's why they wrote the poems first). Hundreds of balloons of every imaginable color, and gaily-colored crepe paper served to decorate the gym and make it look as if Spring had made an invasion there. We had a swell orchestra and the scads and scads of people who were there actually seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Graduation Day! We sit awaiting our turn to go up and receive a little piece of paper that has our name on it and says we completed four years of high-school. Four years of fun and laughter, tears and heartbreak. Life is just beginning for us. When we look back at all the merry times the four walls of this brick building have provided for us it seems like the end. When we leave this building today, we're not going to a haven of rest and security for the rest of our lives. We're going out into a troubled and unsettled world. We, in one sense of the word, are pioneers; we are going into a wilderness of unrest and bewilderment. It is our generation, and all who make up this generation would turn the world to a time when on graduation night, a student can say with confidence, "I'm going to have a Home, a Job and Security."

●

Our Babies

See Pages 79 and 80

1. Charlotte Bienick
2. Eleanor Caputo
3. Theresa Illis
4. Martha Eschner
5. Lois Klittich
6. Dorothy Giese
7. Edna Krug
8. Dorothy Walch
9. Olga Costa
10. Marie and Rose Schell
11. Betty Bischof
12. Alice Sanecki
13. Jean Breunig
14. Joe Visco
15. Joe Ryan
16. Josephine Walukonis
17. Pearl Lerner
18. Mary Jajo
19. Alice Kelly
20. Anna Gaska
21. Frances Klaus
22. Marie D'Angelo
23. Joe Cantlupe
24. Nick Calandra
25. Helen Jones
26. Theresa Ray
27. Dot Levandoski
28. Florence D'Alessio
29. Ben and Shirley Lubiner
30. Marie Cenci
31. Lucille Maselli
32. Steve Kubicka
33. Emilia Piatek
34. Doreen Cullen
35. Bertha Leba
36. Catherine Marottoli
37. Alberta Meinhard
38. Luby Samborski

It Can Happen

by ADELE SLENIS



HELLO, East Side, can you hear me and see me? This is your dauntless columnist Flash (in-the-pan) Slenis.

I am here in the grand ballroom of the Hayseed Country Club, reporting the reunion of the Class of '41 of E. S.

It's a gay, festive scene I'm witnessing and, by the way, so are you, through your television sets. Imagine, back in '41 they didn't have television or auto-planes, and many other things which we now enjoy. But the good old days had a certain charm to them, anyway. Life was as hectic as it is now, but hectic or not, give me good old 1951.

The police are having a tough time keeping the crowd in check. Some have been here since day-break to get places so as to have a good view of the celebrities.

They were supposed to arrive two hours ago, but they all wish to make a grand entrance. They will arrive in a few minutes—I hope. Come to think of it, it will be grand seeing my old classmates again. Yes, believe it or not, I also went to dear old E. S. It was supposed to be kept secret. In fact, they paid me not to mention it. Guess why?

Someone just sneaked around the corner into the Club. I think it was Stanley Kordys. He's the eccentric inventor who has invented the automatic paper stretcher.

I believe I see a car arriving, if you can call it a car. It looks more like the Queen Mary on wheels. Someone is alighting—I can't see who it is, because there's a glare about her. Just a minute, I'll put on my poloroids. Ah, yes, I can see her now. Why, it's Josephine Walukonis. Hello, Jo, it's great seeing you again, but do you think you should wear so many diamonds? It's tough on the eyes. I'll see you inside later on. She is followed by that famous tycoon of industry, Charles (If you want it, we got it!) Tyjewski. With them we find Patty Grillo, Rita Healy, Phoebe Hofer, Gloria Celaya, and Marie Ameen, all of whom are dancing in that new musical, "Hot-foot in Bloomingdale's Basement."

They are beginning to arrive fast and furious (furious, because they couldn't make a grand entrance). It's a little chilly here, so I think I'll give you my impressions from the inside.

Ah, I've spied two notables talking together. They are Nick Calandra of **Esquire** and Cabby Sponzilli of **Vogue.** I guess they're discussing fashions, or are they? (Men's skirts are getting shorter, while women are wearing striped trousers).

Over there at the refreshment table we have Matt Adamkowski, George Izzolino, Pete Alati, Bill Pierson, and Danny Marzano using their football tactics to get to the food. 1-2-3 hip! Yea! They made it! They are now daintily nibbling on ladyfingers. By the way, these boys are playing pro football for the Half-hearted Beetles.

I hear music, mighty fine music, being played by Joe Visco and his (knock-em-dead-and-bring-em-back-to-life) Hep-cats. There are many former East Siders in this orchestra. I see Marie D'Angelo, Claire Zaleski, Charlotte Bienick, Joe Cantlupe, Peter Macheska and Olga Costa, playing with all their might.

The orchestra is playing the dance we used to do back in '41, La Conga, remember? Steve Kubicka, Minnie Leib, Stan Loboda, Joe Mingoia, Cecilia Novak, John Picyk, Pauline Murphy, and William Weber are all doing the one, two, three, kick. Oh, oh, Stan Loboda just kicked his leg out of joint.

I see those popular men about town, Hank Przybek, Joe Ryan, and Walt Deptula discussing as usual—girls. Hank is still in college getting his M.D. (Mentally Deficient) degree. Ryan isn't doing so well right now. It seems he's in the red again, and Walt Deptula is a play-boy. We knew you'd make good, Walt.

There are Nancy Laurenzano, Anne Smith, Olga Tomko, Theresa Illis, Eva Powell, Martha Eschner, Zuleida Dos Santos, Nancy Byrne, and Emily Bortnick discussing the good old days when they were glamour girls.

The lights are being lowered. The floor show will go on in a minute. We have Carmine Bavero, Marie and Rose Schell, Veronica Haino, Olga Donelik, Wynnie Howe, Millie Green, and Jean Breunig accompanied by Theresa Slade. They sang, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountains, I'll be Coming Home Again, Rumboogie."

Next a comedy act is put on by Pete Barkosky, Sam Calabrese, Gene Germaine, Joe Hertling, Marion Jeczmien, Patsy La Fragola, Patsy Lepore, Sam Tambasco, Frank Schleicher, and Phil Vignola. They knock themselves out trying to amuse us.

In cozy booths we have Mary Pietrulewicz, and Chester Tchorzewski, Lucille Zink with Glen Whichello, Pete Walauskas and Genevieve Szamreta, Louise Richardson and Howard Schwartz, Alex Tymonko and Helen Tuli, Jane Sullivan and Gordon Monis, and Richard Kloss and Ruth Navitsky, enjoying it all.

Ah, now comes the highlight of the evening, dinner is served. On your mark, get set, go!

The last scene switches to sports. The E. S. (knock-'em-down-and-mangle-'em) Alumni team is playing to retain the championship which it holds. Sporting the E. S. colors we have Marie Bianchino, Marie Gomez, Carmella Del Grippo, Edna Jabs, Lucille Maselli and Mary Reo.

Crash! Bang! Ouch! Put on the lights! Oh, boy, a fight! There is Bob Hellwig landing a lucky one on Bernie Leber. But Bernie readily becomes master of the situation. My gosh, this seems to be turning into a general

massacre, everyone seems to be hitting someone. We separate Kay Marottoli from Ann Klos (that girl does more fighting!) to question her on what it is all about. "I don't know, but it's fun; do you know, Ann?" "Nah," says Ann, as she puts up her mitts again.

We hear sirens. In rush the "better late than never" police force, Paul Betcher, Frank Alvarez, Tony Bonavito, Joe Catala, and Tony Di Rienzo. Eleanor Caputo and Marian Giantomas breathlessly tell us what the brawl was all about. It seems that Millie Civetta insisted to Lillian Bober that Batman could lick Super-man. See was happened?

The former Edna Breite, Jenny Jankowski, and Edna Mankewicz are rushing home to take care of their offspring.

My goodness, in rush Eleanor Pinal, Mary Regula, Jerry Williams, and Luby Samborski, nurses just off night duty. Too bad, they missed the party. For it's over you know.

All this time Christine Rossi, Jenny Sokoloski and Catherine Saltarelli, those ace-secretaries, have been recording in Gregg every spoken word. This material will be used to publish a history of the Class of June '41 to be edited by Bill Young, Ralph Scott, and Millie Schmidt.

We see Martone, Martone, Martone, and Zurawski enjoying a friendly discussion on who should get the last leg of chicken. Zurawski, like a true gentleman, takes it. Ben and Shirley Lubiner are having a friendly argument. Shirley, put that plate down! Thank you. But you shouldn't have put it down on Ben's head.

Someone is calling for Leonard Friedman. I wonder who's calling. Ah! I can see who it is now. Why, it's Friedman. He wants to get up but Sam Wilzol, Thomas Dudek, and Frank Fernandez are holding him down. Poor Friedman.

There are those great men of finance, Frank Galante, Alfonse Gesumaria, Mike Hoydich and Johnny Kamanar energetically, discussing a subject that will affect the markets all over the world. They are wondering if they should sell ten safety pins for a nickel or if they should sell them at two for a cent.

Johnny Kobular, Mike Kozma and Louis Mazzella are taking everything in. We mean that literally. Not a particle of food escapes them.

We have the intelligentsia section of the Class of '41: Matty Marano, Billy Trautvetter, Rudy Zamula, Gene Morris, and William Monk, Tony Nitti, Alberta Meinhard, Sophie Trzoniec, Angelina Sangiorgio, and, of course, Anna Shultzkis, discussing the possibilities of a synthetic olive.

We have those slipping, sliding, skidding, surpassable attendants, Paul Nagy, Joe Pacelli, Joe Peda, Carmine Pontetti, Ed Rosinski, and Patsy Saldutti serving us with the left-overs.

We see the columnist (fifth) recording this momentous event for posterity in the persons of Anna Di Cosimo, Gene Couto, Nussrie Farah, Jeanette Golda, John Hodulich, Parsina Cincoli, and Joe Cicalese—all famous ladies and gentlemen of the press. They are accompanied by their flash-bulb exploders, namely B. Ardziejewski, Anton Boesner, Jack Borges, James Davies and Ralph

Inamorato. We see Abie Pulido hanging by his toes from a chandelier, ready to get a photo of Alice Sanecki and Mary Jajo trying to unravel themselves from one of Sanecki's partially finished sweaters.

Women, women, everywhere and not a man in sight. Oops, I beg your humble pardon, there is a lone male in the midst of all this feminine pulchritude. It's Johnny Gaborski, famous leading man, surrounded by Dot Aram, Bertha Ball, Stella Sobon, Helen Sofranko, Evelyn Zaborowski, Doris Horbayzuk, Cathy Heller, Josephine Jablonska, Helen Kravec, Lorraine Lawler, Carmella Martucci and Tessie Lubertazza gazing admiringly at him, while the males gaze—fill in the blank in twenty-five words or less that will get by the Will Hayes office and win a super-de-luxe box of used matches.

Everyone is now trotting into the main lounge to view some new releases from 'ollywood. A news reel is going on at the present time. In the first scene we have a bathing beauty contest, in which we see Alice Kelly, Flo D'Alessio, Doreen Cullen, Nancy Giordano, Helen Gonska, Eileen Haas, Ann Lacara, Ann McGrath, Frances Piatek, and Anne Wysocki smiling at the judges, and scowling at each other. As you probably know, the old idea of having men for judges is outmoded. Today, they are women! The judges, reading from left to right, are: Edna Krug, Anna Gaska, Mary Bove, Dorothy Walch, and Christine Russo. The judges, after much contemplation, decided to keep the cup themselves.

The next scene takes place in balmy Florida, the land of oranges and debutantes. Under palm trees and layers of suntan oil, we spy Betty Bischof, Helen Bittner, Mary Hodulich, Dot Giese, Angie Fernicola, Etta Redel, and Ellie Scott acquiring a tan and some play boys.

We see Senator Pete Walker talking in the corner to a group of friends, trying to get re-elected. Joe Tortorello, Clara Zablotny, Adele Karash, Frances Klaus, Jenny Oczkowski, and Frances Zjawin are listening, open-mouthed, to his every word.

I guess the party was too hectic for some—Tessie Ray, Bertha Polomska, Stephania Sygnarski, Millie Zavochi, and Lottie Siarkowicz certainly do look worn out. They are hanging all over one another.

Naturally, true to form, many could not attend. Some of them are Bertha Berzinec, Viola Kanach, Helen Jones, Doris Lang, Bertha Leba, Catherine Pabst, and Lois Klittich. They very considerately sent telegrams, cablegrams, radiograms. Help, I'm in a rut.

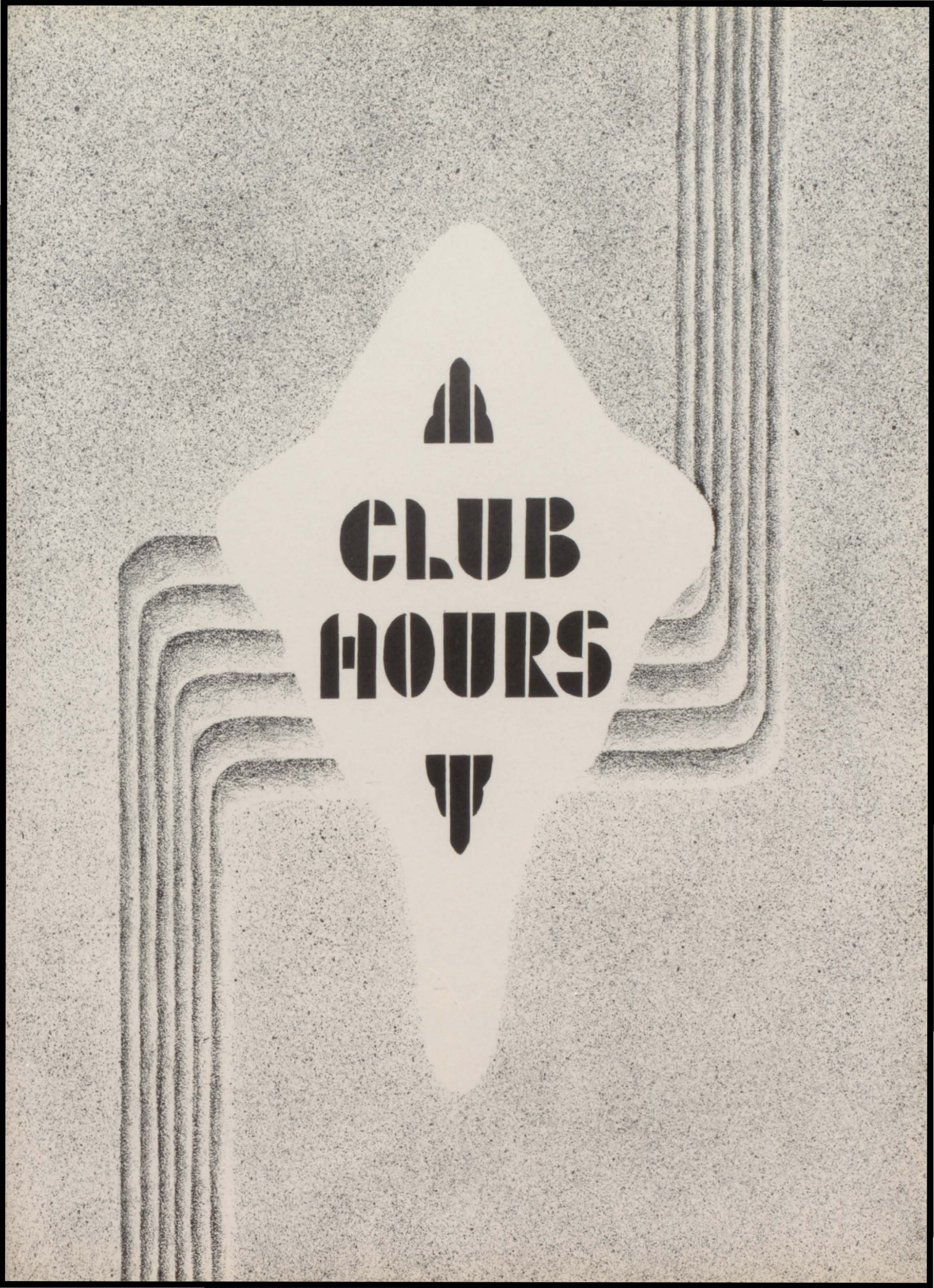
Many of the boys couldn't make it, because of a previous engagement with Uncle Sammy (drafted, you know). They are Matt Pociask, Ed Pryzbyla, Armenio Vennettilli, Andy Warzocha, and Maitland White.

As I wave good-bye to Marie Riccio, Pearl Lerner and Mimi Piatek, I see it's time for me to say adieu. The party is over but the memory will linger on.

This is Adele Slenis, signing off. Who said "Goody"?


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HOURS

CLASS OF JANUARY, 1942





CLASS OF JANUARY, 1942

CLASS OF JUNE, 1942





CLASS OF JUNE, 1942

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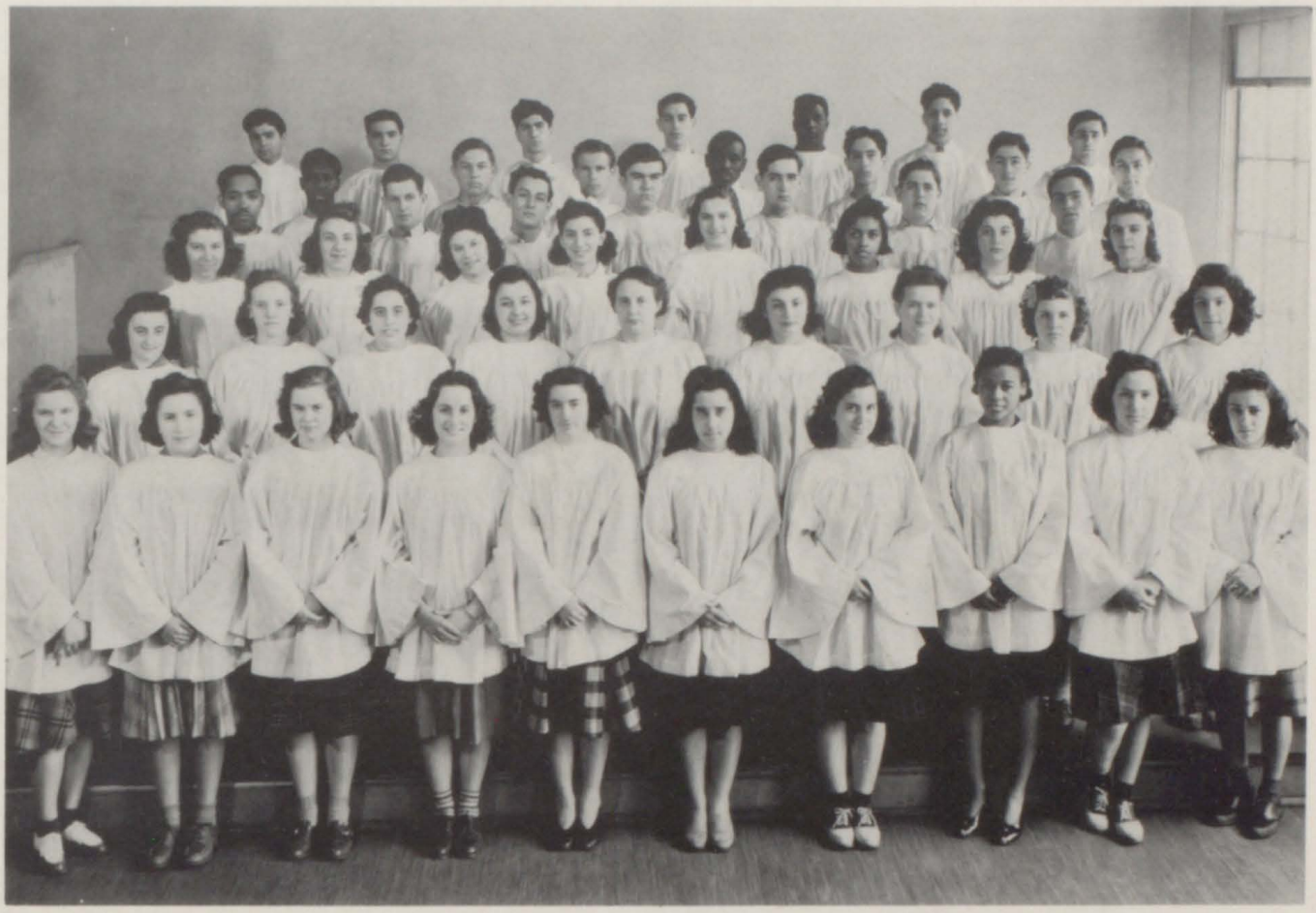
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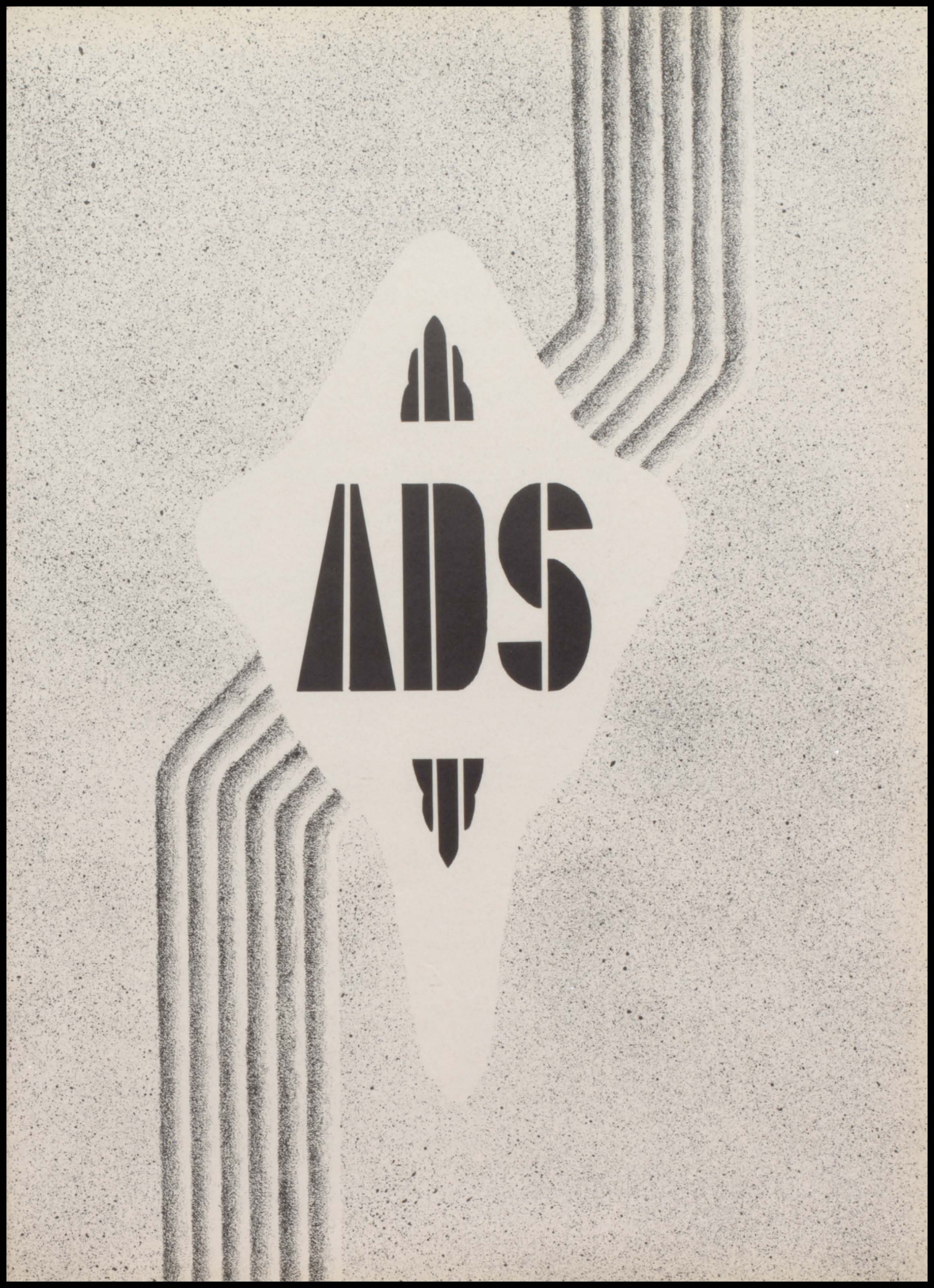
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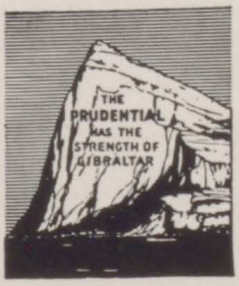
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